THE BYSTANDER
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JANUARY 17, 1934
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The BYSTANDER

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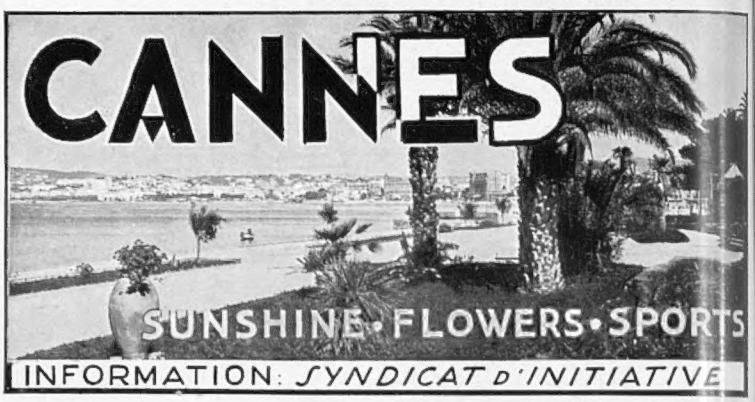

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MONTE CARLO.

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The Bystander, January 17, 1934

No. 1570. Vol. CXXI.

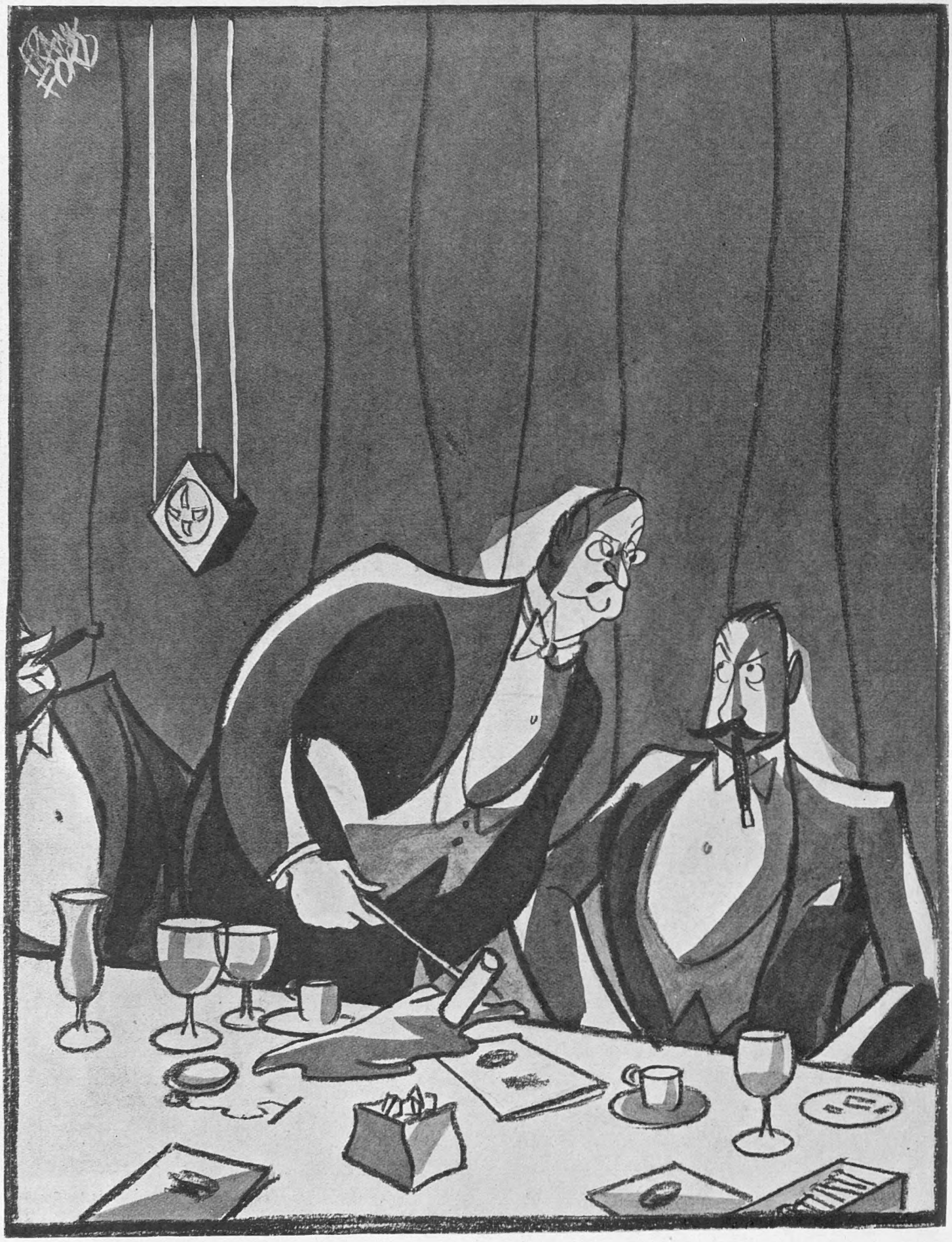
The BYSTANDER

Devised by Macsee

Caricatures by Gould

"Murderous Marriages": No. 10. Len Harvey and Lilian Harvey

The victims of our unconventional caricaturist this week are Mr. Len Harvey, the famous boxer, and Lilian Harvey, the favourite film-star. Following his usual practice, the artist has selected some out-of-the-way materials for making his portraits. For instance, Mr. Harvey's "phiz" is composed of cardboard, a mop dyed black, a carrot, two lobster-legs, and some pins and cotton: while to secure the Lilian Harvey effect, paper streamers and some nails have been called in aid



"Quick — am I addressing 'Consolidated Iron' or 'Bigger and Better Babies'?"

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

Leaves in the Temple

THE dwellers in King's Bench Walk and the shady courts of the Temple—(What? Good gracious me, no! Do you think I would ever use the word shady about anything connected with lawyers? I mean shadowy, full of shadows or shades, out of the glare of the sun.) Anyway, they are greatly disturbed by the fact that there are still leaves upon the plane-trees. Usually the trees are bare by Lord Mayor's Day, in November, but this year the leaves are still there. The last occasion on which this phenomenon took place, an old inhabitant of the Temple told us, was in the year that Charles I. was beheaded, and the problem that is worrying them all is "What do the leaves portend this year?"

Some predict gloomily the loss of the Ashes; others a royal wedding; a third school, in which optimists and roundheads are about equally mixed, prophesies an increase in litigation, as a benefit parallel to the regicide; while a fourth shakes its head in a melancholy way and keeps on mumbling about Sir John Simon.

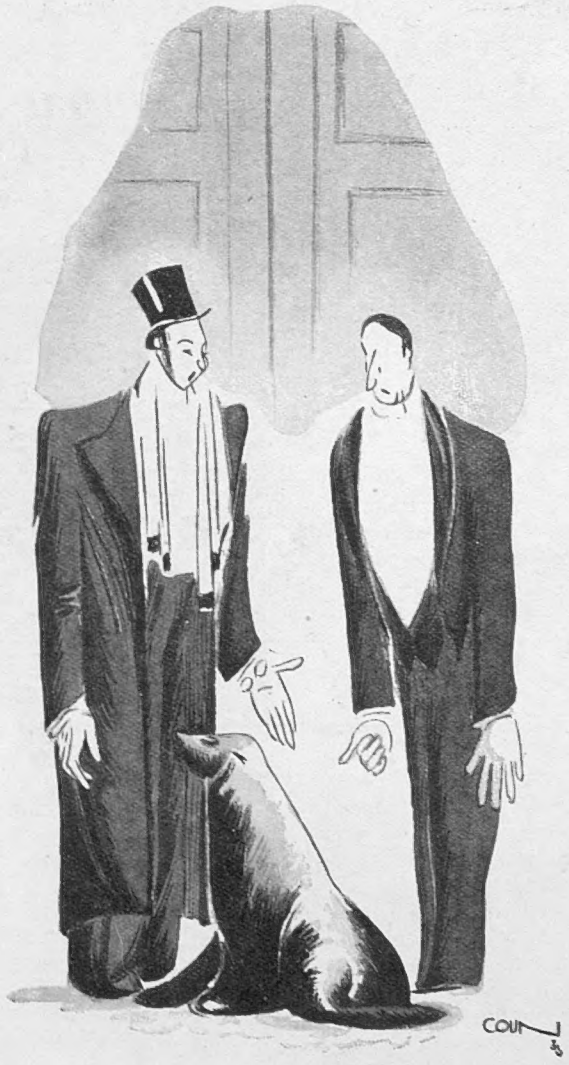
We ourselves think it can only mean a victory for Cambridge in the Boat Race.

Pu-Yi-Tiddly-I-Ti

HENRY PU-YI is off again. He is to be crowned Emperor of All the Manchukuos in a month or two. What a life the boy has led! Emperor of China at the age of three, slung out on his ear at six, restored at eleven, jerked out again in the same year, and then, after fifteen years as plain Mr. Henry, he became President of the Manchukuo Republic, and is now to be an Emperor again at twenty-eight. Well, well, sweet pretties, we all have our ups and downs.

Our Back-Stairs Corner

OUR political tip this week (and we have got it straight from the Augean stable) is to watch the Guildford constituency. Some of the Baldwin boys want to play at that old boyish pastime of kite-flying. For it is a curious thing about political zoology that you always fly a kite if you want to see which way a cat will jump. If the sitting Member for Guildford applies for the Cotswold Thingummy-bobs and there is a by-election, a plain National candidate will leap forward, crying, "My country, my country, 'tis of thee," and so forth. Then what will poor Diehard do then, poor thing? as the old song has it. Will he produce a crusted Tory to fight the seat, or will he "put his head under his wing, poor thing"? It is a pretty situation, whatever he does, so take our tip, sweet pretties—watch Guildford.



"You may put it in water, Withers"

The Grand Tradition

THE English ice-hockey team has achieved a triumph unequalled in the annals of our sporting race. England has been sadly handicapped in winter sports by the officious interference of the Gulf Stream, and it is only natural that we should be somewhat overshadowed by Eskimos and what not. It is all the more gratifying, therefore, that our ice-hockey team has played a draw with America, the Champions of the World. And it speaks volumes for the typically sporting spirit in which this match was played, the good, clean style that you will find wherever Anglo-Saxondom is engaged (hands across the sea, by gad, Admiral!), that in this grand exhibition of fair-play and amateur camaraderie only five players were sent off the ice for alleged foul play. And let us also place upon the records that the English ice-hockey controllers have so drastically tightened up the qualification-rules of the game, that only seven Canadians were playing for England.

All Very Difficult

THERE has been extraordinary confusion over the announcement in the Press that the

"Come down and see me some time"

Sea-Lions at the "Zoo" are to get a new waiter. "They like their food thrown at them," is the phrase which has caused all the trouble. The public, which is only too glad to get its food at the Sea-Lyons' Corner House, would be very surprised to have it thrown at them, but is distressed at the thought that the "Zoo" Nippy is to be replaced by a new waiter. There is even some doubt whether one new waiter will be a sufficient and adequate substitute, and in West End club circles the opinion is being freely expressed that two will be necessary, or, at any rate, a man and a boy. Nor has the situation been in the slightest bit clarified by the ridiculous attempt of the Société de Tourisme et Lingerie of the Midi to popularise the slogan, "See Lyons and then die." That sort of thing only irritates, as the bishop observed testily on seeing the new winter woollies which the lady-bishopess had just bought cheap in the bargain-basement.

Harsh Words, Sir James

No sooner have we discovered the Interplanetary Travel Society, and conferred immortal fame upon it by mentioning it in these paragraphs, than a man called Jeans comes along and blows us and it and its first Lady Fellow sky-high, higher than sky-high, in fact, at once. "The last thing we must expect to find on Mars are intelligent beings." That rules out a rocket to Mars for us; we can get to Bloomsbury in a tram. Then Jupiter is 240 degrees below zero, which would probably be too cold for the Lady Fellow, and Mercury is 650 above, which would certainly be too hot for us. And the moon is growing egg-shaped and will almost certainly burst—of pure chagrin, no doubt—at the humiliating loss of its figure. What poet could rhapsodise to an ovoidal moon? And how ridiculous that the Man in the Moon should grow every day and in every way more like Humpty Dumpty. No, interplanetary travel is off, so far as we

THESPÆANS

No. 16.—Miss Josephine Baker

AWAY with each flow'ry and cumbersome phrase
That the poets employed in more leisurely days
When penning those lengthy and love-laden lays
In which they delighted to sing a girl's praise—
Such poems are not worth a tittle or jot
When Josephine Baker 's the subject you 've got,
For then you must give it 'em jazzy and hot,
And go at a gallop and not a staid trot;
Thus—

Oh, Josephine Baker, she isn't a Quaker,
At least, I 've not read so or ever heard said so,
But she 's slim and she 's brown and she dances aroun'
(A raw rhyme, I know, but we 'll just let it go)
And she wears dam few clothes when she acts in her shows
(That 's another puce rhyme, but we 'll pass it this time)
But she 's got lots of pep, snaky hips and a step
That is springy and gay, plus the wickedest way
Of flashing those eyes, that are really outsize,
Whilst her songs may n't be quite—do you get me all right?
But unlike *some* stage folk, she treats snobs as a joke
And evinces no wish to be chums with a bish,
Or to open bazaars for unmarried mammas
As she talks of her Art with her hand on her heart,
For the wench is no snob and she *does* know her job,
So she shimmys and prances and warbles and dances
And keeps on the go just like—well, billy-o,
So I frankly confess I wish I could make a
Success and a fortune like Josephine Baker.

(Don't parse that last line, it 's an absolute swine!)

B. W.

"Pardon, my Lord, I think you have the wrong hat"

are concerned, and we are hanging up our rocket between the elk and the yak in the smaller billiard-room in the east wing, the one that overlooks the second heronry.

Mr. Hobbs, Philosopher

"INDIA is a queer country," is this week's important cable from Mr. Hobbs, one of our foremost authors, who has been known to play cricket, too. "The match between All-India and M.C.C. was continued on Sunday, when all the shops were open and everything going on, but to-day, a public holiday, with everything closed and people wanting something to do, there is no play. The match will be continued to-morrow when everyone is back at work."

They manage things better at the Oval, where there is no cricket, of course, on Saturdays, when all the shops are open and everything going on. The matches are played on Sundays, a public holiday, with everything closed and people wanting something to do. Then on Monday play is discontinued when everyone is back at work

International Corner

IT is reported that Poland is about to join with the Soviet in guaranteeing the independence of the four funny little republics on the Baltic, the names of which you don't remember any more than we do. We do, however, remember that one of them is called Lithuania and that Lithuania and Poland have been "in a state of war" ever since the seizure of Vilna by the Polish general Zeligowski in 1920. There is, therefore, an unique state of affairs impending, in which one country will be making an alliance on behalf of another country with which it is at war. Anyway, it 's Mr. Anthony Eden's affair. We aren't the Lord Privy Seal. (Since writing that last sentence we have been wondering if it was necessary. Did many of you really think that we were ?)

Fun and Games

BULGARIA seems to be a queer sort of place. It produces Attar of Roses at Philippopolis, and Attarboy Dimitroff in Germany. Some years ago it condemned the latter to about a million years in solitary confinement, and on New Year's Eve it organised a grand Ball in his honour in Sofia. Changing its mind, however, half-way through the Ball, Bulgaria converted the festivities into a free-for-all scrap, in which one man was killed, three seriously injured, and 260 arrested. Next year, we understand, the Harlequins Football Club is to be asked to provide stewards.

La Poverina

SIGNORINA EVELINA SIGNORELLI. What a lovely name! It is like the tinkling waters at Tivoli. (No, no, nothing to do with George Robey at all. Tivoli. A village outside Rome, much respected by poets for its tinkling waters.) Now we 've forgotten where we were. Oh, yes. Poor Evelina. She was a lovely girl, as lovely as her name, dark-haired, splendid, and the pride of her village of Biella. One night last week she retired to her dimity cot as usual, and in the morning she awoke a dazzling blonde. Mr. Reuter, that prosaic gentleman who spends so much time and money in despatching

"Speak up, man, I can't hear a word!"

telegrams, ascribes the change, with his characteristic lack of imagination, to "some chemical quality in the fumes given off by a charcoal-brazier." But we, your humblest of purveyors of accurate information, were not to be fobbed off like this. We telegraphed to Sir James Jeans, asking for an explanation, and he telegraphed back, most cryptically: "Evelina's dark hair mae have gone West." That was not helpful. Nor was Lord Passfield's wire: "Perhaps her dark hairs had a plait in 'em." We were not up to the intellectual pressure of either of these two suggestions, so we tried Mr. John Masefield, the Poet Laureate. Mr. Masefield's reply has not actually come to hand yet, but we are led to suppose that it will run something like this—

Evelina, the joy of Biella,
Was as dark as the dark of a cella;
But some chemical blight,
In the course of a night,
Turned her yella as John Rockefella.

When Soft Voices Die

THE Handel and Haydn Society of New York cannot find a man with a rumbling bass voice. The chairman of its audition committee reported that so far as "bull-basses" are concerned, the scarcity is probably permanent. "For the last five years," he added, "we have not found a real rumbler." Can you wonder, when such names are used for a highly respectable body of musicians? There are basses about in plenty, we dare swear, but they are sensitive souls, and dislike being called bull-basses and rumblers. What would the ladies of the Handel and Haydn Society say if they overheard the chairman reporting that he had engaged a couple of cow-contraltos—regular boomers—and a very nice little sheep-soprano who was a genuine bleater?

A Long Life and a Gay One

THIS is a true story, s'welp us bob. Samuel Brennan, aged sixty-one, of no fixed abode, is known as Whistling Sammy. He has been convicted for drunkenness and petty pinchings 124 times. One hundred and twenty-four. It is a great record. Last week he was up for pinching a motor-tyre. The theft was small, but the defence was grand. "I admit that I took it," said Whistling Sammy with dignity, "but I had a very good reason. I was going to hunt the Monster, and I thought the tyre was a life-buoy."

Bright and EARLIER

- Starting with the first issue in February "The Bystander" will be published one day EARLIER — namely, on TUESDAY morning instead of Wednesday.
- Please make a note of TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 6th —we shall be on sale *everywhere* on that day and every subsequent Tuesday.

Probably in Favour of Peace

IF there is another Armageddon, and we have to take up our official duties as Railway Transport Officer, Stornoway, or as Deputy Assistant Embarkation Officer in Peebles, it will not be the fault of Mr. Frederick Whelen, chief speaker of the League of Nations Union. Mr. Whelen, once right-hand man of Sir Herbert Tree at His Majesty's, once expert with the Sidney Webbs in Local Government, and joint-founder of the Stage Society, has just addressed his 4444th meeting in the cause of Peace. We don't ask you "to just think of it," because that would not only tax your sweet little brains to the uttermost, if not beyond, but also it would be a split infinitive, and we haven't split an infinitive for years. But, all the same, it is a remarkable record, and Mr. Whelen will have no right to complain if he receives a cold glance from a lieutenant-general next time he enters his club.

Historical Wisecracks. No. 3

As Beau Brummell observed to his hatter:

"THAT'S A NEW ONE ON ME"

At the Duchess

WHEN *Laburnum Grove* reaches its fiftieth performance, Mr. Melville Cooper will have eaten 200 bananas in about six weeks, and we can therefore sympathise with him in the bitter way in which he is alleged to have spoken to an elderly Professor of natural history who is alleged to have visited him in his dressing-room at the Duchess Theatre. (Note all these "alleged's." Our lawyer puts them in with a rubber stamp as we go along.) It appears that the Professor, in a long speech of congratulation, kept on referring to the plantain by its technical name, which is Musa Paradisiaca. The surgeon who subsequently set his jaw for him in hospital, tells us that it was a nice, clean fracture, and that the Professor should be out and about in a few months.

THE BYSTANDERS.

"Mind you, I hate doing this sort of thing, but how else am I going to keep my boy at Balliol?"

The Passing Picture Show

By Sydney Tremayne

Above: Sir Gerald du Maurier, Walter Patch, and Grete Natzler in a scene from "The Scotland Yard Mystery," in which a Home Office pathologist turns out to be the villain of the piece

Left: Belle Chrystall and Leslie Perrins in another scene from the same film, which is a B.I.P. picture, directed by Thomas Bentley

"The Scotland Yard Mystery"

Sponsored by the Screen Guild

Spencer Tracy and Loretta Young in the Columbia film, "Man's Castle," directed by Frank Borzage. Though he does not look like one, Tracy takes the part of a bully of a very nasty type

"Thunder Over Mexico"

BY now everyone knows the story of how Eisenstein, genie of the cinema, son and servant of the Soviet, went to Hollywood to make a film, but his soul and stomach sickened and he could not. Financed by the Upton Sinclairs and their friends, he went to Mexico to make a travelogue. Time and celluloid rolled on: recalled by the Soviet Government, Eisenstein left, uncut, 200,000 feet of unprecedentedly beautiful film-material which would take thirty-five hours to show!

Mr. Sinclair and company have "done their best" with it, and they have done astonishingly well. They have contrived a coherent and lovely picture of reasonable dimensions, retaining a goodly part of Eisenstein's "vision" of Mexico, and the significance of the survival of the Aztec type in this people, exclusive in their servitude. The plaintive note of Judaism is heard beneath the thunder of the revolutionary theme, but the simple, moving story of the boy and girl whose life and love are destroyed, marvellously enacted by the peasants themselves, has the inevitability of great tragedy.

It is agreed by the experts that this is a beautiful picture, but that "it will not make money." Surely this is another instance of under-rating the film public? One hopes that Mr. Eric Hakim's faith and enterprise will be justified.

"The Mascot"

THIS is a curiosity in film-production. It might even be the precursor of a new film form. Models, of uncanny mobility and expressiveness, are used with amazing ingenuity and somewhat macabre imagination. This is the offspring of the cartoon and a marionette show. There is humour, sometimes of the simplest guffaw-provoking variety, sometimes ironical. The Mascot himself, a Bonzo-ish puppy, with superhumanly expressive face and gesture, is an appealing "hero," and may yet win a popularity contest if his creators, M. and Mme. Starewitch, choose to continue his adventures.

"The Scotland Yard Mystery"

A "THRILLER" from Elstree, with Sir Gerald du Maurier as Chief-Inspector Stanton and Mr. George Curzon as the suave villain, pathologist to the Home Office, working at, and ostensibly with, the Yard, while organising insurance frauds, murders, and what not! There is every incredibility in this compilation of familiar ingredients, but some enjoyable excursions into gruesomeness, including midnight exhumations. The film is extremely competently made and photographed, and actors and audience appeared to take it all quite seriously.

"Counsellor at Law"

FROM interiors of Scotland Yard to the inside of an American criminal lawyer's office! And it must be said that the latter is less edifying but more convincing. John Barrymore is the famous, hustling, dominating Counsellor, George Simon, a Jew who has worked his way up from the gutter to the pinnacles of his profession and whose methods do not always bear investigation. He has a charming secretary (Bébé Daniels), whose loyalty is not entirely impersonal, and a wife he worships who is ashamed of him and the publicity of his sensational cases, and has a lover in the background, a part imbued with suitably metallic sheen by Doris Kenyon. Barrymore, good actor that he *was*, is impressive in the quieter and more introspective moments. A large and excellent cast follow Barrymore at breakneck speed through mazes of intrigue, graft, and "legal" triumph. Isabel Jewel, as a telephone girl, deserves special mention, and Vincent Sherwall gives a notable performance as a maniacal young Jewish Communist.

"Man's Castle"

BORZAGE, the exponent of back-street lamp glamour, the converter of attics into "seventh heavens," made this film about the denizens of an unbelievable colony of waterside shack-dwellers. Loretta Young is the girl, sweet and young and loving, and Spencer Tracy almost makes a real character of an unspeakable bully who allows her to live with him and work for him while he lives his own man's life. The picture is dim—Borzage's way of etherealising poverty; and if you think a bed of straw in a freight car they have "jumped" is a happy ending for a girl who has "got her man," there is one.

Liveliness in Lincolnshire

The Southwold Hunt Ball at Woodhall Spa

Above: Miss Diana Brackenbury, the Master of the Southwold Harrington pack, and Major T. Jessop, the Huntsman, at the Southwold Hunt Wire and Poultry Fund Ball, which was held at the Petwood Hotel, Woodhall Spa

Above: Lord Churston and Miss Patricia Weigall. The hotel where the dance was held was formerly the home of Sir Archibald and Lady Weigall

Left: Captain Houstoun-Boswell and Miss Patty Bevis were two more of the guests at the Ball

Below: Miss Jane Newman and Mr. Neil Hotchkin, captain of the Eton cricket eleven

Viscount Curzon and Miss Diane Chamberlain, daughter of Sir Austen Chamberlain, sitting out between dances

Mlle. Livia Paravicini and Mr. Geoffrey Larken have a reading party with a fine batch of press-cuttings

The Capped and the Uncapped

Left: P. Cranmer, the Oxford three-quarter, who has sprung into fame, put in some fine runs

Right: England's place-kicks and shots at goal were entrusted to Mr. Sime, of Bedford, who failed with all of them

H. Rew, a military Blackheathen, who revelled in the loose mauls

Below: Sergeant Boast, of the Army, seen looking for trouble

J. A. Tallent, of Blackheath, made some fine passes

L. A. Booth, of Headingley, and G. W. C. Meikle, of Waterloo, who opposed each other on the wing, had their very lovable moments

H. H. Harris's impressions of the Final Rugby Trial at Twickenham. Cranmer, Booth and Meikle of those depicted caught the eye of the Selectors and make up three-quarters of the three-quarter line

Second Thoughts on First Nights

Interval for Inspection

This department is congratulating itself on one of those lulls in the dramatic trade-winds which give the becalmed first-nighter a welcome pause for a little reflective stock-taking. Only the other day I met a country cousin in the street, and found myself shamefully incapable of giving him off-hand a quick list of the sort of plays I thought he 'd like to see. (Are *you* like that? Why is it?) "What 's good?" he asked hopefully, and immediately my mind became a blank. I tried to snap out of the trance and think of something middle-brow, but all that came to mind was *On the Rocks*, followed by *Buckie's Bears*. He must have felt as unenlightened as the person who is foolish enough to ask: "Any news in the paper?" knowing quite well that the inevitable answer to this dam-fool question is "Absolutely none." I had a vision of him drifting away to a film, under the impression that he 'd come in at a bad time. There is, of course, the possibility that he merely wrote me down as ga-ga and made a bee-line for *Reunion in Vienna*. I hope so.

Now I 've had time to make a check-up list, I 'm all buoyed-up to realise with what a flying start the theatre has jumped into the New Year, and how many plays of prime quality London has to offer. It may be that Mr. Shaw is now nothing but a tinkling cymbal in our intellectual symphony, but whether we label him Maestro, Bore or Back-number, there 's a Shaw play running at the Winter Garden, and *On the Rocks* must go down promptly among the important-and-earnests. I wouldn't put it first and foremost, for I have a feeling that Dr. James Bridie's *A Sleeping Clergyman* (Piccadilly), which keeps those two on-coming young players, Robert Donat and Dorice Fordred, continually on their toes, represents the high-water mark in plays of power and thought. Dr. Bridie is a dramatist with big-theme ideas as opposed to a play-carpenter with a trained nose for theatrical effects, and we shall be hearing from him again, I hope, shortly.

Richard of Bordeaux still testifies to the pulling power of history without pedantry or "by-my-halidoms," especially if the selected chapters have a modern echo in to-day's problems for patriotic pacifists. John Gielgud and Gwen Ffrangçon Davies are two of the most sensitive and finished players to be found on or off the Avenue, and the unaffected simplicity with which they slip into the period turns an imaginative cut-back into a close-up as delicately moving as it is alive.

History pops up again in Clifford Bax's *The Rose Without a Thorn*, a timely revival inspired by the Tudor vogue which a long-lost portrait, Charles Laughton and his chicken-bones, and the Embassy-Alhambra play about Elizabeth and her lover divided up between Art, Film, and Stage. This piece has a classic, scholarly quality which puts it into the same romantic category as *The Man With a Load of Mischief*, and, aside from its bold insight and fastidious workmanship, should be seen for Frank Vosper's intellectual portrait of the eighth Henry.

In the comedy market a strong tone prevails. The palm goes to America, I think, for Robert E. Sherwood's *Reunion in Vienna*. You should see this play twice. First, to be dazzled by the brilliance of Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne; secondly, to realise how much wit and satirical background lurk behind the glamour. If this comedy fails to draw the town (which it won't) with its French diablerie and Viennese abandon, the author of *Acropolis* can count versatility a curse and London a city of Bœotian sluggishness.

Second on the list I put *The Old Folks at Home* (smart Harwood stuff with a surprise ending for Marie Tempest), followed by *The Late Christopher Bean* (you know all about that) and *The Wind and the Rain*, an agreeable little comedy about medical students in love, by a young doctor with more plays wrapped round his stethoscope.

The farcical *Fresh Fields* is still cashing in on the Novello prescription for gusty laughter, and mystery-mongers are well served by *Afterwards*, the Hackett-Lorne-Squire-Harker imbroglio of crooks and departed spirits, the evergreen *Ten-Minute Alibi*, and *Laburnum Grove*, Mr. Priestley's amusing guessing-game for suburban sleuths.

With *Nymph Errant* and *Gay Divorce* to sell gramophone records to the Cole Porter fans, and add to the cachets of Gertrude Lawrence and Fred Astaire, and *Please!* to gild the Lillie of revue, the musical counter lacks no customers.

Nice Goings On, thanks to Leslie Henson, is still the most side-splitting farce, with or without music, and now I 'm nearly through. What shall we say, finally, about *Escape Me Never*? Let 's hand it over to the Starring Vehicle Department and call it a day. But not before we 've decided not to care much whether the Bergner is a Bernhardt, a Duse, a Mrs. Siddons, and an Ellen Terry, all in one, or merely a superb actress.

TRINCULO.

Sasha

Clifford Evans (Ferdinand), Elsa Lanchester (Ariel), Charles Laughton (Prospero), and Ursula Jeans (Miranda) in the Sadler's Wells production of "The Tempest," which will, later, be transferred to the Old Vic. When this photograph was taken Charles Laughton's make-up was minus a beard, but it was "all right on the night," when he was accused of looking like (1) Father Christmas, (2) the late Lord Salisbury, and (3) an ancient Deal Boatman

Puzzle Picture: Find Prospero's Beard!

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 33. Sir Wyndham Portal

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra

HERE is a man whose face is evidently his fortune. Please don't misunderstand me. I am not being so foolish as to try to patronise the chairman and managing director of Wiggins, Teape, who is also a director of the Great Western Railway, of the Commercial Union, of the Compass Investors Trust Company, and who, in his spare time, is virtually the Pig Dictator of Great Britain. But any financier, on seeing for the first time the cheerful countenance of Sir Wyndham Portal, is almost bound to rub his hands in anticipation and say, "Oho, the Army! This will be easy money!" For Sir Wyndham, despite his short black jacket, gold watch-chain, stiff cuffs and striped trousers, seems to breathe an atmosphere of Jolly Major bonhomie and pomme de terre which completely cloaks his remarkable shrewdness and business instinct. He says repeatedly that it is all luck and the kindness of his many friends in business and out of it which alone has enabled him to reach his present altitude in big business. I know better. Even his telephone voice, hearty, and reminiscent rather of the parade ground, would fool the cleverest financier.

BESIDES, you have his military record—Ninth Lancers, followed by the 1st Life Guards, and then, for the last two years of the war, the Machine Gun Corps. It was not until 1919 that he went into business.

For 220 years the Portals have made bank-notes for the Bank of England. In no time at all, six others were added to the family mill, and to-day they make the paper for the bank-notes of the Argentine, Spain, Rumania, all the Dominions except Canada, and forty or fifty other countries as well. In his spare hours, Sir Wyndham found the time to start, with Sir William Morris, the League of Industry, which has 180,000 members. He also started the Post-War Brotherhood. His close friends are drawn from Industry, Finance, Politics and the Turf. He owns the S.Y. Star of India, which used to belong to the Maharajah of Patiala. He has twelve race-horses, including Blue Boy. He has the best partridge shoot in England (and I am not forgetting Six Mile Bottom). He has eight thousand acres in Hampshire, and four of the best miles on the Test. Above all, he has a sense of humour. He finds that a little of it can be as useful in big business as it is when addressing your employees. His eyes have slight wrinkles at the corners which do not belie themselves. He has a good colouring, though when he lunched with me last week he only drank water—and that was at the end of the meal. ("I am a poor drinker at the best of times.") I can well believe that he can be very brusque when it suits him. But if you haven't a rough edge to your tongue nowadays, you will probably be compelled to lick the next man's boots, and that would never do for somebody who took the Household Battalion out to France.

Here's Health

At lunch, Whitbread's Pale Ale's brilliant amber clearness, delicate flavour and refreshing tone make it a universal favourite. It sharpens appetite and aids digestion. It is sold all over the world and maintains its perfect quality in all climates.

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Eve and Her Shadow

A Photographic Revelation of the Dancer's Grace and Rhythm

THESE beautiful camera-studies of the young Scottish dancer serve as a reminder of her exquisite art and imaginative personality. Eve is one of C. B. Cochran's discoveries; he found her, a contortionist dancer, in a small show, and made her into a star in the world of pure dancing. He himself ranks her dance at the beginning of the harem scene in "Nymph Errant" as one of the finest choreographic efforts ever seen on the stage

Photographs by George Dallison

Miming the Serpent's Suppleness

Eastern Fantasy

A Remembered Dream

Eve was born in Glasgow; her real name is Isabel McMurray. She is twenty-one, and has already been in four Cochran shows—"The 1931 Revue," "Evergreen," "Hélène," and now "Nymph Errant." She learnt her dancing entirely from her mother, who was at one time a well-known variety artist, until she met Mr. Cochran, since when Massine and Buddy Bradley have both had a hand in her training

"The Bystander" on the Riviera

Gossip from the Côte d'Azur

THERE is certainly something thrilling about the beginning of a year, and nowhere was 1934 ushered in more joyfully than on the Riviera. There were well over three hundred people dining at the Sporting Club at Monte Carlo and the Casino Municipal at Cannes, while I can vouch for the popularity of Nice. We tried to end up there in the early hours of New Year's Day and were quite unable to get a table at either Maxim's or the Perroquet, where Joe Lucas's perspiring joviality is creating quite a furore. There were also many villa parties that night, among the gayest being that given by Mr. Phillips Oppenheim, which is hardly to be wondered at, considering the amazing variety of ingredients which I saw him put in the punch with which he started his guests. I could not stay till the end, and thus retained my reason.

THE previous day I attended a most amusing informal cocktail-party at that ever-popular rendezvous, the Hotel de Paris bar, Monte Carlo. There the tireless Mr. Berry Wall, of Sen's cartoons, with his inevitable chow in dignified attendance, showed us a most amazing waistcoat he was sporting. It was hardly necessary, as both tie and waistcoat crashed on the eyeball at a distance of fifty yards. He then explained that he had possessed same for forty years, and we were reduced to an awed if regretful silence. Afterwards, we lunched at the Réserve, at Beaulieu, one of the most famous restaurants on the coast, much patronised by the French, which is a guarantee of the excellence of its cuisine. Even here the holiday spirit was in the air: at 2.30 p.m. the usually rather highbrow orchestra broke into dance music; knives and forks were flung down, and the most serious gourmet was treading a vigorous measure.

TO revert for a moment to Monte Carlo. Popular guests are Lord and Lady Furness and the ever-vivacious Lady Seafield and her husband, Mr. Studley-Herbert. Lord and Lady Reading are also spending a quiet holiday in the Principality, and Lord Ebbisham has arrived at the Hotel Metropole. By the way, winners at the Casino will soon be able to exchange their paper-money for gold coins in the Principality—a luxury which it has been impossible to indulge in since 1914!

NICE offers more variety of entertainment than any other Riviera resort. There was a magnificent performance of *Madame Butterfly* the other night, when the celebrated Japanese prima donna, Mme. Tinay Arel Hao, entirely surpassed herself. Christy's famous bar was one of the brightest spots on New Year's Eve, and now that the Riviera Bridge Club is so comfortably housed in the very popular Hotel Continental, it is going better than ever, owing to the excellence of the hotel's cuisine, and their gala dinners are widely patronised. There was a great Réveillon dinner at the Municipal Casino, while the Palais de la Jetée had a great gala supper in its famous Salle de Glycines; even then there were crowds to swarm into the Louis XVI. restaurant at the Ruhl Hotel, where a luminous cascade on the terrace heralded in the New Year.

CANNES' New Year gala was a great show—food excellent, even if the enormous Restaurant des Ambassadeurs was almost too crowded for comfort. Afterwards the roulette tables were packed, and later nearly everyone went down to Brummel's, the Casino's famous night-club. Brummel's, by the way, has been turned into most comfortable quarters for the Cannes Yacht Club during the day-time.

I saw Sir Duncan Orr Lewis in the Carlton bar sporting a most vivid tweed suit; also Lady Coats, who is considered, by some, the uncrowned Queen of Cannes.

THE Cannes Country Club at Mougins restarted their famous Monday luncheons this week and had a great opening in most perfect summer weather; sitting on the terrace, surrounded by really lovely country, sipping one's pre-luncheon cocktail, dodging the sun's almost tropical rays and remembering it was January 1st made the long, though comfortable, journey from England seem of no account. Princess Karageorgevitch was with her grandchild, Mrs. Michael Arlen, and her husband, while Baron and Baroness Ramsay were also among the crowd there.

The Season at Monte Carlo

The Baroness Orczy, the well-known novelist, and her husband, Mr. Barstow, enjoying the sunshine on the front. They were among the many guests at a cocktail-party given by Mrs. Leonard Molloy, at the Metropole Hotel

THE mixed foursomes for THE BYSTANDER Cup have been in full swing at the Nice Golf Club at Cagnes. There were considerably more entries than was anticipated, and they started and finished in a most cheerful and holiday spirit. The winners were Mr. and Mrs. Van den Bergh, and I hope to be able to give you some details next week of the struggles, which grew grimmer and grimmer as the later rounds were reached.

"The Bystander" Cup Competition

The Nice Golf Club course at Cagnes-sur-Mer was the scene of three days' mixed foursomes play for a cup presented by "The Bystander," and the picture above shows the final phase, when the cup was presented by Lady Horder to Mrs. Van den Bergh, who, with her husband, Mr. Van den Bergh, seen on the right, won the trophy. Captain Rattigan, the Secretary, is on the left, and Lady Horder's host, Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim, whose villa is near by, beams benignantly in the background

"Big Ben" says that Mr. Shinwell will appear on the scene to oppose Mr. Ramsay MacDonald at Seaham at the next election, and our artist suggests above that, in consequence, he will take the centre of the stage and be much in the limelight. Sir Stafford Cripps and Mr. Lansbury, in the wings on the left, and Major Attlee on the right, do not appear so much in the picture

Westminster Whispers

Un-Parliamentary Asides

By "Big Ben"

Of all the unexpected results in the 1931 General Election, the most unexpected was the Prime Minister's return at Seaham. Not even those whose business it is to know such things had the faintest hope that Mr. MacDonald would get back. But get back he did, and with a majority of five thousand into the bargain. No one knows, to this day, how he did it. The women, it was said, were responsible; but Seaham is one of the few constituencies where the silent sex outnumber the stronger.

Fifty-two thousand out of the sixty thousand electors went to the poll. The full strength of the Conservatives cannot be more than seven thousand, and of the Liberals five thousand. Mr. MacDonald, if he polled every Conservative and every Liberal vote, polled another seventeen thousand—Socialist or Independent, one presumes. His official Socialist opponent polled twenty-three thousand. He did well. He was a good Socialist candidate, though nothing remarkable, nothing to write home about. But he was swept off his feet. The whole Division were swept off their feet, and Mr. MacDonald was swept in.

Next time will be a different matter. Mr. Shinwell has appeared on the scene—a man of brains, of personality, and of experience. He has been carefully "nursing" the place. Nothing is too much trouble. The Socialists are determined to get Mr. MacDonald out. Will they have the opportunity?

The Premier is an example to the keen young men. How has he shown his gratitude to those seventeen thousand Socialists and Independents who voted for him? How has he thanked those twelve thousand Liberals and Conservatives who dutifully put him in? Once, and once only, has he been in his constituency since October 1931. One speech he has made. One personal appearance, if we exclude his Hollywood habits. They should be proud. He has put his trust in them. He has left them to carry on the fight alone.

But to-day is the day, a great day for the people of Seaham. Now is their opportunity. Their Member has come back to them. Will they go out to meet him? He is to make a speech, his second in two-and-a-half years. It should have been carefully prepared. Mr. MacDonald is a clever man; he knows his own business best. If he fights a seat at the next Election, it must be Seaham. Does he intend not to fight, or to fight deliberately to lose?

After all, if, as our newest Press Baron (Lord Godfrey Elton) says, there is more scope for his political activities in the Lords, Mr. MacDonald might easily satisfy his conscience that the red benches are more comfortable to sit on than the green.

The supply of available seats for the next General Election is drying up. The Conservative Association at East Fulham, though, are having some difficulty in finding a man for their favour. One thing is certain—Mr. Waldron will not be asked to fight again. He is, in fact, President of the Association no more. Sir William Ray, who has nothing to do with the Association at all, has taken his place. There was a rumour that Mr. Quintin Hogg might agree to fight the seat. It would be a piece of good news if it were true. He is outspoken and knowledgeable—rare combination!—and he is rapidly making a name for himself by himself, contrastingly distinguished from the young men whose only claims to fame are their fathers'.

The new Conservative Candidate for Cambridge is Lord Hinchingbrooke. Sir Douglas Newton's peerage came as a surprise, but to a number of people what is much more surprising is that he should be honoured for his services to Agriculture before Colonel Ruggles-Brise. If any man has earned his quota of reward it is he. Sir Douglas will hand over a "safe" seat. Mr. Baldwin certainly places his secretaries well. Mr. Baillie Hamilton went to Bath; Mr. Rhys to Guildford.

Lord Hinchingbrooke is twenty-seven. He has been with Mr. Baldwin a couple of years or so. He knows the House as well as any Member, so that he will not have to suffer from strange surroundings. I am afraid his becoming an M.P. will cost him his Secretaryship to his Chief. I cannot believe that Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd is prepared to share his crown.

Mr. Stopford Brooke, who is the young ex-Liberal candidate for Guildford, has put the Conservatives of the Division into a fury, and the National co-ordinating Committee into a quandary. Having had a first-class battle with Sir Henry Buckingham in 1929, he stood down twice for Mr. Rhys in 1931. Now he comes forward and says that he proposes to stand next time as a National Candidate pure and simple. It is a case of What does A do now?

A friend of mine just back from America tells me that Mr. Roosevelt, in spite of, or because of, everything that he has done in the past year, is just as popular and, of course, much more powerful than when he became President. Nothing, apparently, has attracted the ordinary American citizen so much as the knowledge that he is not afraid to change his mind. His imagination and his determination have captured the public completely, and even those whom the President has tried and found wanting and hurled from their place are forced to respect him.

He is a man with a purpose. One cannot help noting that there is an absence of such men in high places in England. Our one and only common allegiance which raises us above ourselves is the Royal Family, which makes the "Honourable" Sir Stafford Cripps' self-advertising outbursts, considered at their lowest, a boomerang to himself and the Socialist Party. The Opposition rank and file are increasingly bewildered and infuriated by him. The more they try to throw him off, the closer he fastens on to them. He is their Old Man of the Sea, and far, far more dangerous than the Lossiemouth Monster.

Society Cinema

The "Thunder Over Mexico" Première

M. and Mme. Provatoroff went to the Marble Arch Pavilion last week to see the first presentation of Eisenstein's Mexican panorama-film

Mrs. J. B. Paget, the attractive French wife of Major J. B. Paget, was in the audience

Below:

Top: Mr. Jacob Epstein went to see the Eisenstein film, taking his famous model, Isobel, with him

Centre: Sir John Lavery went with his daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Forbes-Sempill, wife of the Master of Sempill

Bottom: the Brazilian Ambassador and Mme. Regis de Oliveira, talking to Mr. te Water

Above: Sir Hugh and Lady Smiley and Miss Patricia Lowry-Corry were three of the full-evening-dress film-seers

And so were the quartette on the right: Mr. Brassey, Miss Lili Damita, the film-actress, and Capt. and Mrs. E. H. Tattersall

Looking at London . . .

To take the place of the first batch of "Les Girls," further members of the New York Midnight Follies troupe, seen right, are appearing at the Dorchester in their "Wonder Show"

American Beauties—Second Instalment—Arrive in London

Below: Nora Swinburne, who is playing in "The Old Folks At Home," seen in the restaurant she runs, called "El Patio" in Rupert Street. With her are John Gielgud, (left) who is going into management at the Shaftesbury Theatre with Emlyn Williams as his leading man in an historical play, "Springtime, 1600"

Sasha

Mine Hostess—Nora Swinburne

Film Fans at a First Night

Above: Mrs. Percy Lawson Johnston and Mrs. Peter Thursby at the première of "Thunder Over Mexico," screened at the Marble Arch Pavilion before one of those socially and artistically distinguished audiences which are now a feature of important film premières. More pictures on p. 105

Swaebe

Workers in Aid of the Winter Sports Ball

Left: Miss Kathleen Hennessy, Miss Rosemary Pooley (Chairman), and Miss Florrie Owen, three of the young Committee of the Sports Ball to be given in aid of the London Federation of Boys' Clubs, at the Dorchester, which is postponed to April 24th

On the left are some of the weird creatures of this original and diverting screen-show, doing a devil's dance in a dust-bin. These marionette-models are distant cousins of the inhabitants of Lewis Carroll's Wonderland in the fantastic, humorous irrelevancy and intelligent unreason of their "goings-on." In the photograph below, "Duffy," the hero, finds himself unpleasantly face to face with a cardboard Mephistopheles. The orange that lies between them is something to do with the story, too, but to explain the plot would be as complicated and useless a process as to catalogue the toys in "Santa's Workshop"

Film Faces—New Style

Modern Marionettes in "The Mascot": A Fantasy for the Screen

Portrait of "Duffy," the hero of the film, and the possessor of an engaging personality and absurdly expressive face. He has been hailed as a possible rival in popularity of the well-loved Mickey. On the right are the Devil, the Apache, the Monkey, and the Dancer

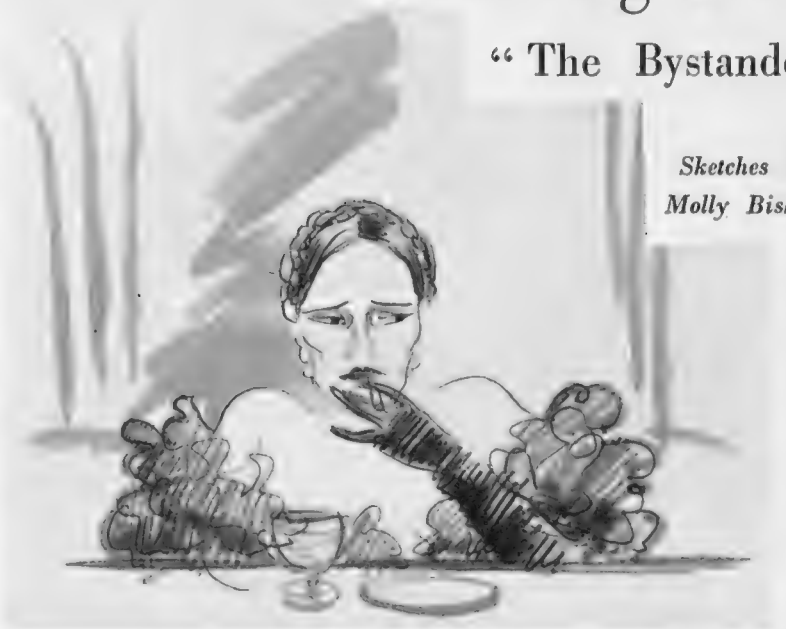
MR. and Mrs. L. Starewitch are the creators of "The Mascot." They are Russians who live in France, and they made this film in their own home, evolving their own technique of production and camera-work. The music that accompanies the film is arranged by Edouard Flament. "The Mascot" is in the Marble Arch Pavilion programme

. Going . Out

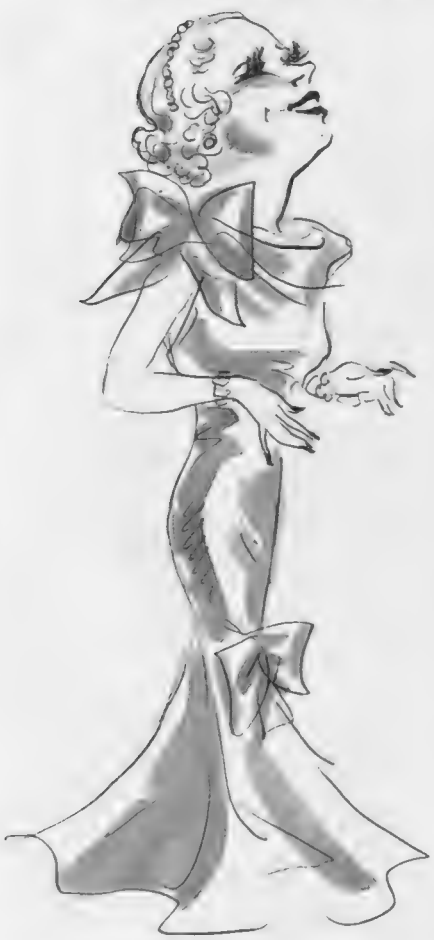
"The Bystander"

Sketches by Molly Bishop

Lady Bridget Poulett smiles



Thelma, Lady Furness
In Red, with Black Gloves



Sandra Swenka
Entertains at Quag's

I HAVE to own that it has been a quiet week in London; there was little to lure the regular Mayfairer from its lair. So many of the "really best" people are in St. Moritz or the South of France, else have ensconced themselves in their own, or somebody else's, family mansion for the Hunt and County Ball season. Town Halls and Corn Exchanges have lately been ringing to the sound of hearty laughter and good, clean fun, to which the retired military, indispensable to such functions, gallantly adds its element of fulsome flattery to the females, pretty and otherwise. That's what one admires so much—their *esprit de corps*.

AT the première of *Thunder Over Mexico*, at the Marble Arch Pavilion, was the usual crowd of theatrical first-nighters. The recent advent of Mr. Beverley Baxter to the Gaumont-British Corporation was probably responsible for this, for he realises that the first night of a big film is as important as that of a play. Lady Portarlington, Sir John Lavery, Mr. Augustus John, Major and Mrs. Jack Paget, Lord Lurgan, Mr. Owen Nares—many of this audience went on to Mr. Eric Hakim and Mr. Thornton-Smith's party in Soho Square, and others went to christen Dennis Wheatley's new book, *Black August*. Here were many authors gathered together, nor were they unwilling, after the fashion of authors, to sign copies of their own works for those who were fortunate in a lucky draw. Gilbert Frankau went home early, but not before he had remembered to sign. Ursula Bloom, A. G. Macdonell, Cecil Roberts, Francis Iles, Beatrice Kean Seymour, and the host all contributed prizes.

THERE have been no theatrical first nights of any great importance lately; my only stagey news comes from Lili Damita, who is seen at every party of note. She is rehearsing to act with George Robey in *Here's How*, which will be presented at the Saville Theatre next month. Also in the production will be Miss Rosemary O'Malley Keyes, only in not quite such an important part as her friend Lili. She will walk on, sometimes. Her sister June is very soon to marry M. Christian Dufaure, and her mother is going on a visit to America. The O'Malley Keyes family have taken Mrs. Ormond Lawson Johnston's flat in Park Lane during the latter's stay in New York—she is just off down to Florida, and writes that New York is brighter than ever, and that she never stops going to parties. Lady Castlerosse and Lady Honor Channon are both there, too.

FROM Monte Carlo I have news of good weather; Lady Dunn and Barbara Cartland have been near-by at Cap Ferrat, in Sir James Dunn's villa, and, I understand, are collaborating in a new novel, of the romantic type, Empire period. Lord Michelham has been seen in the Sporting Club at Monte Carlo, cheerful as ever, and giving his famous impersonations. Mr. Clarence French was usually to be seen with him and his brother, Jack. Lady Furness was certainly one of the most attractive women there, also Mrs. Evelyn Fitzgerald. Mr. Esmond Harmsworth had just sailed for India, while Lord Rothermere had gone for a motoring tour in Italy. Lord Reading was seen playing at the tables, Mrs. Phyllis Satterthwaite seemed as full of energy as ever. Mr. Simon Marks, Mr. Claude Levita, and Sir Francis Towle were other visitors.

ST. MORITZ has been very bright. I thought visitors went there for winter sports, sunshine and fresh air, not to play bridge. But I learn that Colonel "Pops" Beasley, Lady Rhodes, Mr. Ivor Birts, and others, went out there to play daily bridge matches

• to • Goings-On in Society

Miss Ulrica Thynne and Miss Diane Chamberlain
Dancing Chez Quaglino

Mrs. Cecil Pim in Ink-Blue Chiffon

against picked teams of visitors, and that they well upheld the honour of Crockford's. Colonel Beasley admitted that he found the St. Moritz life rather hectic, and was always in bed by twelve. At Suvretta are Sir Giffard and Lady Fox, Lady Jellicoe, with her three daughters, and at the Palace Sir Alfred Beit, Lord Warwick, Mr. Drogo Montagu, and Mrs. Ian Campbell are prominent. I wish I could discover the name of the Lothario whose successes were so numerous and so well known that a number of the "lovelies" at St. Moritz did a ring-o'-roses dance round him in the snow, singing "Who's Afraid of the Big, Bad Wolf?"

THERE was a function on Tuesday of this week which should have been attended by the more studiously minded. It was the dinner of the Horatian Society, at Kettner's, with Dean Inge as the principal guest. Many of you must have burbled and bubbled over Horace at some date. Many people can even now trot out an occasional "Aequam memento rebus in arduis. . . ." and might even remember that it may be thus construed :—

"In times of stress a steadfast mind
Remember to employ,
And if you meet with seasons fair
Restrain immoderate joy."

In the second couplet one can see what an incorrigible old optimist was Horace.

SQUASH rackets are well to the fore this winter. An American ladies' team is due over here very soon; their opponents here, under the captaincy of Miss Susan Noel, are sharpening their claws and practising drop shots in readiness. On Saturday the Jesters Club sent a squash team (men's) to New York, to play in about ten cities, returning at the end of February. Mr. D'Oyley Sheppard and Mr. G. O. Jameson are in the team. It will be remembered that Amr Bey, the Open Champion, and P. Q. Reiss were not selected to go on the tour—there was rather a lot of feeling about this, and both of them resigned from the Club. Not only do the Jesters play squash, but also fives. The other day their pair, W. Welch and N. M. Ford, only just got beaten in a five-game match which lasted for three hours. Their opponents were the Old Etonians, represented by Captain Ralph Cavendish and Mr. R. A. Redhead. "Bobbie" Redhead is probably still the best fives player in the country—for the past six years he and R. G. Quetteville have beaten the leading pair at Eton.

I HAVE had a note from Mrs. Claude Beddington saying that she is absolutely crowded out for the first of her receptions, to be held to-day, and begs guests to come to any of the other five subsequent ones. See what a lure a genuine cinque-cento room can have, for there is no mention on the invitation card of sherry or cocktails—safe draws even to a charity tea-party.

THE Winter Sports Ball, which was billed for to-morrow night, has now been postponed to April 24th, the Committee having evidently decided, with some reason, that January is almost as "close" a season for charity balls as August, Hunt Ball competition being so severe. And, anyway, a good many of the patrons are away winter-sporting on their own account. Lady Carrick is the Chairman of the dance, which is in aid of the London Federation of Boys' Clubs; Miss Peggy Gordon-Moore features once again as a joint-Chairman of the Young Committee; and Miss Primrose Salt has been promoted to Deputy-Chairman's rank. This must be one of her first appearances in an official capacity at one of these affairs. By April, no doubt, some of the new brood of débutantes will be stretching their wings in the direction of charity functions.

MR. PEEPS

Miss Peggy Chandos-Pole
At the Circus, wearing a Grey Cossack Velour Cap, with Feathers atop, and an Eye-veil

Lady Ashley
Watches the Trapeze Experts at Olympia

Left: Frau Anton Krug (Lynn Fontanne), when she arrives home from the reunion party at the Hotel Lucher, has left her beautiful white dress with her ex-lover, the ex-Prince, but her virtue as the wife of the eminent doctor she still retains. It is her father-in-law, Herr Krug (Clive Currie), who, innocently curious, wants an explanation of this symbolic semi-disrobing

Right: Dr. Anton Krug, the famous psychiatrist (Cecil Parker), watches the last stage of his great "practise-what-you-preach" experiment, as his wife, the lovely Elena, says a final, unregretful good-bye to her romantic past and her departing ex-lover

"What have you done with your dress, Elena?"

Comedy in Waltz-Time

"Reunion in Vienna," at the Lyric

It is a problem for the delighted audience to decide which they enjoyed the more—the triangular display of intelligence, wit, and charm in the third Act, of which the photograph in the centre above, shows the conclusion, or the brilliant seduction scene of the second Act. On the right, the attempted seduction of Elena (Lynn Fontanne) by the fascinating and arrogant Hapsburg taxi-driver ex-Prince (Alfred Lunt) is in full swing, to the heady music, by turns martially encouraging and passionately sentimental, of Aladar Sio and his accordionist, Herman Levy

Music from the Past

Above: Herr Krug (Clive Currie), one of the most delightful characters in the play, and his daughter-in-law, Elena, dance the curtain down on the first Act, while the old man's beloved wireless plays an old-fashioned waltz that sets the tempo for the second Act

Left: the returned Prince (Alfred Lunt) finds one thing in Vienna unchanged—that old war-horse, Frau Lucher (Bertha Belmore), who is giving at her hotel the reunion party at which Rudolph and his Elena meet again. This party gives its name to Robert Sherwood's brilliant comedy at the Lyric, in which Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt so perfectly display the gay variety, the polish and subtlety of their personalities and their art

"Is She Here?"

DANCING

ROUNDA

Southwold Dancers

(1) Above: Lady Churston and Lord Waleran at the Southwold Hunt Wire and Poultry Fund Ball at Woodhall Spa, in the Petwood Hotel, once the Weigalls' home

(2) Right: Lady Georgiana Curzon and Mr. Terence Weldon at the same event, which was more Café de Paris-ish than most hunt balls are

The South Atherstone Hunt Ball

(3) Left: Mr. J. A. Spencer, Mr. L. Lillingston, Miss Tracey, and Mr. W. Lloyd at the South Atherstone Hunt Ball, which was held at Newnham Paddox, Lord Feilding's place. Mr. L. Lillingston is Master of the North Atherstone

Swaebe

John Peel in Wales

(4) The Llangibby Hunt Ball was held at Newport, Mon.; in the group above are Mrs. G. C. Clay, Mr. C. C. Williams, Joint-Master of Viscount Tredegar's, Mrs. C. C. Williams, and Mr. G. C. Clay

MARRYING

Vyvyan Poole

A Wedding for February

(8) Mr. Charles Crawley and the Hon. Verena Maxwell are to be married on February 3 at Kilmore Cathedral, Co. Cavan. They were photographed at Farnham, Miss Maxwell's Co. Cavan home. She is Lord and Lady Farnham's younger daughter, and is a sister of the Hon. Somerset Maxwell

BOUT

Swaebe

A Charity Dance, for a Change

The Personal Service League Ball at Wentworth competed hotly with the innumerable hunt balls. At it were Miss Diana Woodroffe, Mr. Richard Paulet, Miss Hannah Jenkinson, who organised it, Miss Cecil Stuart and Captain H. M. Burton

RACING

Another "Horse" Fixture: the Leicester Meeting

(6 & 7) Weather conditions for the Leicester January jump meeting were cold but fine; Captain and Mrs. F. H. Hitchcock (above, right) liked the brazier well enough. Above is Mrs. Barthropp talking to Miss Diana Puckle

HUNTING

Pink Coats by Daylight

(9) Mr. Robin Wilson and Lord Nunburnholme at the Cottesmore Meet at Stapleford Park, when Col. John Gretton was host

At a Quorn Meet

(10) Lady Brecknock took her twelve-year-old daughter, Lady Mary Pratt, with her to see the Quorn meet at Keyham

Half Time—Flasks Out!

(11) Lady Fortescue was out with the Quorn, when, after their Keyham meet, they made two excursions into the Fernie country, killing their fox after a run of an hour and three-quarters

A Racing Reverie

Worcester and Leicester

By "Regular"

The Leicester Meeting

At the Leicester January Steeplechase Meeting last week were (1) Lady Amy Biddulph, the Earl of Normanton's sister; (2) Major Carlos Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Smith-Bingham, and Mrs. Quintin Gilbey; (3) Lady Alexandra Haig-Thomas and Mr. J. H. Pilkington

NEWS of the much-lamented death of Lord Churchill caused us to turn our minds to Ascot, and a number of journalists, Lord Castlerosse among them, made attacks on the Royal Enclosure.

WHAT utter nonsense! Although some years have elapsed since last I elbowed my way past the gentlemen in green plush, I have nothing but the most sincere admiration for this excellent institution. Any stunt or wangle, call it what you may, that can induce five thousand people who hate racing and don't know which end the horse kicks with to spend four days on a racecourse is deserving of our heartfelt thanks.

IN these days, the Royal Enclosure is no more royal than the Royal Arms Hotel, the Café Royal or Spey Royal whisky, but, fortunately for racing, there are a vast number of people who think it is, and by capitalising snobbery the Ascot authorities have put over a mighty clever stroke. My advice to all racecourses who are hard up is to call their club enclosures "Royal Enclosures," and they will find their receipts will go up with a bang.

BEFORE going on with other things, I have much pleasure in announcing that the competition published in these columns a fortnight ago was won by the sisters, Ladies Sibell and Dorothy Lygon, who both supplied the correct answer to every question. The prizes, a picture of a very famous amateur rider (flat race) and one of myself, have been duly despatched. As their answers, in contrast to many, were written in so neat and legible a hand, I felt that they should have some reward for neatness, and so I am sending them a picture of their uncle.

MY heartiest congratulation to Ivor Anthony and Danny Morgan on the success of Blue Vision at Worcester. Success is never so sweet as when it is unexpected, and, between you and me and the gate-post, Blue Vision looked as if she might be expecting another little Blue Vision, and not at all as if she was going to win a two-mile hurdle race.

WHEN far more important races than this have faded from my mind, I shall remember Blue Vision's victory. I shall still hear Fred Sedgwick's melodious voice knocking her out to 100 to 8, I shall still see Danny Morgan going off as if it was a five-furlong sprint, and no subsequent joys or sorrows will remove from my mind that awful moment, turning into the straight, when Danny and B.V. lost their bearings and nearly ended up in the Stour.

FRED ARCHER once went round Tattenham Corner so close to the rails that he had one leg over them. Danny Morgan went so wide at Worcester that he had one leg in the river.

ALL 's well, however, that ends well. Blue Vision pulled her way once more to the front, and, amid deafening cheers from a certain section near the rails, she went on to win a most gallant victory. We realised once more that horses are not machines. Blue Vision will win again.

THE prospect of a good day's hunting kept me away from Leicester, but so as not to disappoint my two million readers I sent the Mem along, and while I was following Johnson and realising why it was that the Bicester invariably enjoyed such good sport (Warwickshire papers and others please copy), she was hob-nobbing with the great ones of the Turf.

LUNCH with the best-looking married couple on the Turf, a drink with Major Clarke, greetings from Mrs. Rank, a word with Mr. Clayton, several with Mr. Owen Anthony, salutations from Mrs. Aldridge and Mrs. Barthropp, and a bit of gossip from Miss Eliza Findlay; there was really no end to her social achievements.

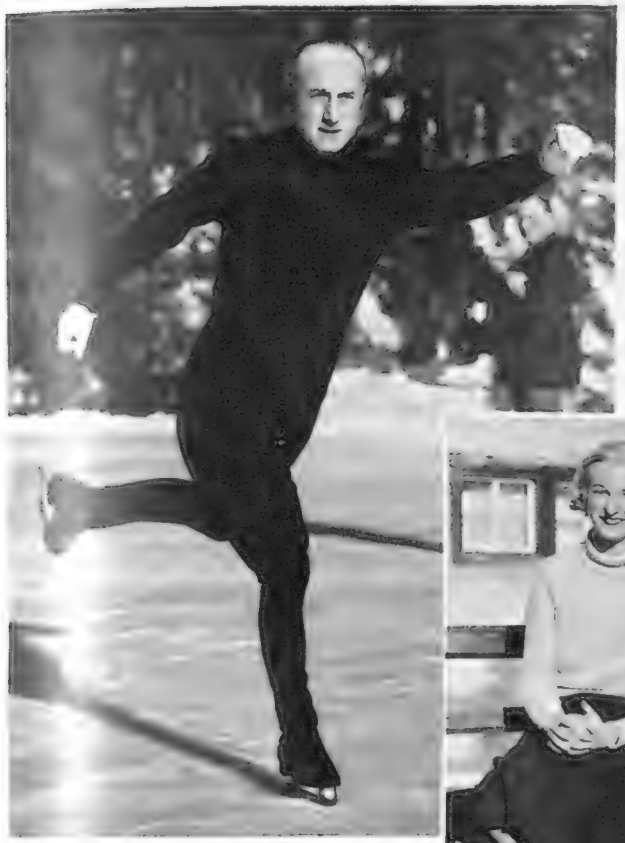
I HAD hoped that Mrs. Smith Bingham would win a couple of races with Spearwood and Ferrans, and, judging by the communication which arrived by the last post, marked "Private," so did the Mem. I am afraid, though, that Spearwood is not as fond of racing as is his charming owner, while Ferrans found one too good for him in Lord Portman's Nincompoop.

SIR ALFRED M'ALPINE owns a very useful young 'chaser in Down South, who won with a ton in hand, carrying the nice little weight of 12 stone 7 lb. Down South is trained by Max Barthropp, one of our cheeriest and at the same time most excellent trainers.

I AM always delighted to see one of the hardy young men of jumping given a chance, and I applaud Briscoe's sportsmanship in putting Baxter up on King Louis. Some of Baxter's rides this season would have made many a man turn his attention to some safe job—a steeplejack, for instance—but Baxter's nerve is unimpaired, and he rode a great race.

Swiss Delight

The Week's Snow Survey



Mr. Samuel Hoare, who is a first-class skater, was out on the Suvretta House rink, finding his Swiss legs, on the afternoon he arrived in St. Moritz

The Hon. Eileen Brougham has been one of this season's Swiss casualties; she had a bad fall ski-ing and hurt her knee, which still has to be tightly bandaged. She is with the Cunningham-Reids' party in St. Moritz

Mr. M. J. Allom, the Surrey cricketer, and Miss Pamela Norris announced their engagement while they were at St. Moritz. Miss Norris was staying out there with her family

Mr. Jim Mollison is another of the crowd of English people at St. Moritz. His crash helmet and elbow-guards look as if he meant business

The Cunningham-Reid Family

Above is Capt. "Bobby" Cunningham-Reid with his two small sons, Michael and Noel, who look very dashing in their ski-suits. Left: the Hon. Mrs. Cunningham-Reid, and the tractor car which she and her husband bought last year from M. Citroën

Juvenile Rugger

In the Public Schools Rugby during the holidays, Eastern Counties Public Schools beat Kent Public Schools in an exciting match by ten points to nine. The picture shows a struggle for possession after the break-up of a scrum

Ra

Mr. A. E. Berry's Golliwology gets rid Hookwood Novices Steeplechase, run Gatwick last week. The race was wo up, a horse which was third favo

'Chasing at Leicester

The top picture shows Miss D. F. Redmond and Miss B. Beckerton, and the lower, Mrs. A. E. Burnaby and Captain Cartwright, who were among the spectators at the Leicester January Steeplechases. Other pictures on p. 114

Sport with the Lid Off

By "Mark Over"

I MUST begin by writing of Herbert Chapman, whose sudden death ten days ago came as such a shock to us. My notes are unavoidably belated, but none the less sincere. Herbert Chapman was a remarkable man. I met him several times, and was invariably surprised by his vitality, his enthusiasm, and the underlying shrewdness and breadth of vision which permeated that enthusiasm with wisdom.

The Arsenal cannot replace him. Chapman was one of the few truly indispensable men of this world. One of the Arsenal directors said to me last week: "It isn't only Chapman's personality we shall miss, or his knowledge of a player—but he was land agent and lawyer and surveyor rolled into one—we 've £200,000 worth of property up at Highbury."

Still, it is possible to find land agents and property managers: personality is the vital factor, and anyone who has seen Herbert Chapman encouraging and stimulating the Arsenal team will know what that means. People used to gasp at the transfer-fees he paid for players—he spent thousands of pounds in a season—but the money came back, just as it did when the Highbury accommodation was so vastly improved. A great loss, not only to the Arsenal, but to Association football as a whole.

HERBERT CHAPMAN'S death set me thinking about this question of personality in sport. How rare they are, these men who seem to be human power-houses, radiating energy and enthusiasm! We could do with more of them in other branches of sport. Rugby football, for example, is devoid of out-standing personalities. Sir Rowland Hill, I think, was the last dominating figure in the game.

Rugby football needs leaders now particularly, when the game is increasing so swiftly in popularity. Where are they, though? We cannot find them among the older generation of Rugby Union committee men: no game is left to muddle along so inconclusively as Rugby football. Look, for instance, at the English Selection Committee—Messrs. Oakes, Daniell, Coverdale, and Prentice—delightful, well-intentioned people, all of them, but hardly outstanding. It should be easy enough to find men ready to serve on such a Committee, but the Rugby Union had to circularise dozens of International players when they were filling vacancies recently created. On wider issues, look how such problems as the International qualification, the scrummage laws, the varying interpretations of the off-side rule, the question of Dominion representation have been allowed to slide. All rather ominous, to my way of thinking, and it is high time a man of intellect and character came along to put the Rugby house in order.

CRICKET is a more ponderous affair, creaking with tradition, hide-bound by history and precedent. Still, cricket

at Gatwi

ockey, T. Morgan, at the first fence in the rst day of January Steeplechase meeting at Mrs. G. [illegible]lerson's Sea Rover, F. Gurney ith the B[illegible]s offering odds of 5 to 1 against

In Training

Practising for the University Boat Race. The Cambridge experimental crew shooting a bridge in their lock-to-lock row. The run of Cambridge successes may end this year

h[illegible] its personalities—men like Lord H[illegible]sham, Sir Stanley Jackson, and L[illegible] Hawke make us feel that the M[illegible] is firmly entrenched. Lawn t[illegible]s—are the right men in high places th[illegible]? As for boxing, we all know how th[illegible]oble science has gone to pieces for w[illegible] of firm control.

I[illegible]r there, from these lugubrious reflections let us turn to current e[illegible]ts. There is, to begin with, Jack H[illegible]l's challenge for the welter-weight ch[illegible]npionship of the world, which he has fil[illegible] with the New York State Com[illegible]ion. Hood has left it rather late, I [illegible] afraid: for years he has been out an[illegible]away the best welter-weight in Great Bri[illegible]in, but he has never bothered to chase a world title. When Americans hold world titles, the only way is to go to America after them, but Hood has resolutely stayed in England. Now there is a rumour that Jimmy McLarnin, holder of the title, is coming to Europe, but I hope Hood won't wait for that. He 's a clever boxer still, is Hood, and yet, somehow, I don't see him setting the United States on fire.

THERE 's dilly-dallying going on in the Petersen camp: apparently they are bowing to the storm of criticism which greeted the proposed fight with Van Goole. But for the moment I 've rather lost interest in the Petersens: far more significant, to my mind, is the improved form of Norman Baines, the young Catford Bridge heavy-weight. Baines is a magnificent physical specimen, and if Jack Doyle, now that his period of suspension is up, is to come back seriously to the ring, a match between these two giants would draw the town.

I 'M glad, by the way, that the Aston Villa F.C. directors are taking strong steps to check the hooliganism which disgraced the match between the Villa and the Spurs at Villa Park ten days ago. I don't suppose anyone will claim the reward they are offering for information about the identity of the bottle-throwers, but it is high time the football authorities acted firmly against their more irresponsible patrons. When such scenes occur on an English football ground it is surely invidious for us to complain about the Australian cricket barrackers.

Before I end, I 've just been handed the world ranking list which is compiled every year by the American boxing authorities, and this makes Jack Hood's challenge seem more than ever a hopeless quest. Hood is not even ranked among the welter-weights, who are headed by Jimmy McLarnin, Billy Petrolle, and Bep Van Klaveren. It is an unconvincing list, though, for neither Petersen nor Harvey come into the cruiser-weights, and Don McCorkindale is left out of the heavies, though he beat Perroni, who is given seventh place, with Johnny Risko, Ray Impellitiere, and Steve Hamas below him. Kid Berg is placed eighth in the light-weight class: altogether the list is pretty insulting to British boxing. Perhaps we deserve it, but I dislike the American view-point, which is that any Britisher is a flop, before he has even appeared in the ring. How I long for the day when a British heavy-weight goes right in and cleans up the American stable with a succession of crashing knock-out punches! But I wish we could honestly see that day marked on our calendar.

Fräulein Cilly Aussem, who was unable to play tennis last season owing to a serious illness, photographed at Kreuzeck, Bavaria, where she is spending a ski-ing holiday

Music (and all That)

Women Composers

By "Melos"

Leon Goossens

Leon Goossens, one of a very musical family. His father was the conductor of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, and his brother is also a famous conductor as well as a composer. Leon Goossens is seen on the left playing the oboe, and he is one of the finest players in the world on this instrument

Peggy Delius

Simon Goldberg

The leader of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, which will give three concerts in London—two at Queen's Hall, on January 22 and 23, and another, later, at the Albert Hall

SHORTLY before going to Dame Ethel Smyth's concert at the Queen's Hall I spent an hour or so watching and listening to Silly Symphonies on the films, Mickey Mouse, and a wonderful creation called *Three Little Pigs*, embodying that ear-tickling tune "Who 's Afraid of the Big, Bad Wolf?"

Without wishing to make any sacrilegious comparison, I find that Dame Ethel and the musical side of Mr. Walt Disney have something in common. Both are direct, and both are uncompromisingly virile. There is no romantic sentimentality in the music of either; the provident one of the Three Little Pigs, playing a piano concerto (a real one) while the fierce animal seeking to devour his brothers growled at the door, struck me as being typical of Dame Ethel's fight of half-a-century and more against man's oppression, repression, and selfish cruelty generally in the matter of the music of women composers.

Dame Ethel has not been "afraid of the Big, Bad Wolf." I do not think she has ever been afraid of anything. But it is none the less real to her, and her campaign is none the less heroic for the fact that, as I suspect, the brute is largely of her own imagining.

ARE women kept out of first-class orchestras, save as harpists, nowadays? They are not. Is there a conspiracy to prevent their music being performed, just because they are women? There is not.

Whatever Dame Ethel may have suffered in this respect in her youth, there is no getting away from the presence of Sir Thomas Beecham as the conductor of her concert, other musicians (male) having had to be content with lesser lights. Moreover, she had a whole concert to herself, while Elgar, Delius, Bax, Vaughan Williams, Alexander Mackenzie, and others, of all styles and ages, had, as it were, to share the bathing-hut.

The truth is, I am convinced, that we hear so little of women composers (Dame Ethel being a sturdy exception) because they have written so little serious music that is worth hearing.

THERE was much jollification and speechifying at the close of Dame Ethel's concert, the composer herself and Sir Thomas Beecham alike coming out strong on such occasions. Her oratorio, "The Prison," is on a noble plane (with, of course, the B.B.W. of political persecution lurking in the background, and not too much in the background, either); but I prefer the very pleasant Violin and Horn Concerto, the horn-part beautifully played by Mr. Aubrey Brain.

AT the next British concert—it is remarkable that a number of musical enthusiasts appear to detest these concerts and even to declare that British music hardly exists at all—Dr. Vaughan Williams and Mr. Arnold Bax were to the fore. In his "Flos Campi" Dr. Vaughan Williams is essentially non-virile; it is a wandering and unsatisfactory work, the best thing about it on this occasion being the viola playing of Mr. Lionel Tertis. Mr. Arnold Bax's Fourth Symphony, a decided advance on its predecessors, is far better.

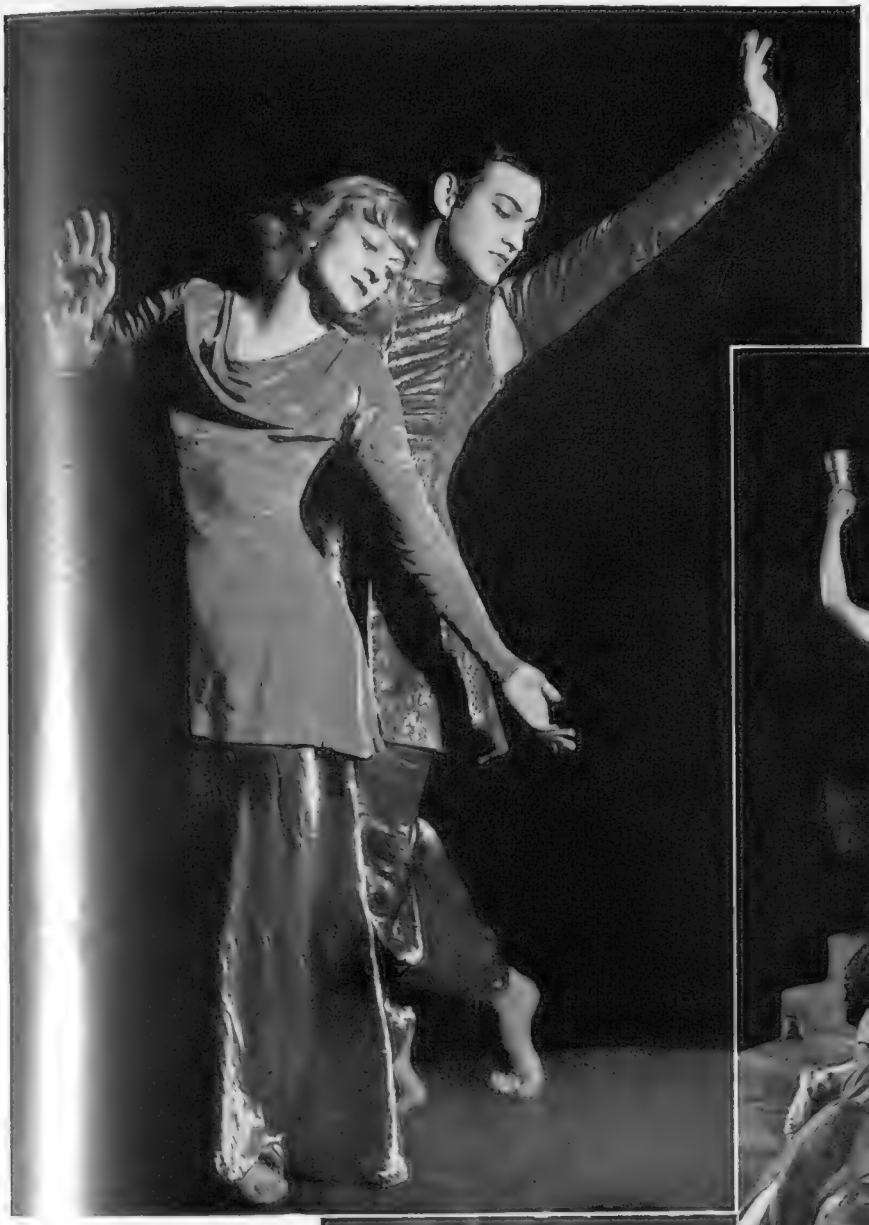
THE Scottish Symphony Orchestra, to whose performance in the Usher Hall, Edinburgh, I alluded a few weeks ago, is a fine body of players. Unfortunately, I made the mistake of calling it "a" Scottish symphony orchestra, just as if there were Scottish symphony orchestras at Peebles or Perth or Leith or Craigenputtoch. Several Scots readers, always somewhat touchy on matters of national pride, have pointed out, quite charmingly, that the orchestra in question is THE Scottish Symphony Orchestra—absolutely the only one—and that its headquarters are Glasgow. It occasionally deigns to go to Edinburgh and elsewhere.

The occasion I heard it the conductor was Mr. John Barbirolli, who is not conspicuously Scottish, and the piano soloist was Miss Yvonne Arnaud, to whom the same description may apply. Miss Arnaud, who returns to the London stage to play the French Queen in *Henry V.*, at the Alhambra, sealed again the ancient alliance of France and Scotland by means of a first-rate performance of the Schumann Concerto in A minor.

I HAVE heard of musical comedies starting without sufficient backing, or without sufficient rehearsal, but I had never heard of them starting without a conductor. This happened in the case of *Beau Brummell*, at the Saville Theatre, though Mr. B. C. Hilliam, I believe, conducted on the first night, having composed the music—and very good music it is. The leader subsequently did what he could quite ably, difficult though it is to conduct recitations and things and to play the violin at the same time.

Mr. Alfred Reynolds, however, has now been engaged as conductor, and all is well, for he is a man of much theatrical experience and himself a composer. He did some admirable work with "A.P.H." at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith.

Dance and the DRAMA



Above:

Choreography in Cabaret

Grace Cornell and Kurt Graff, who are making their first appearance in England at the Café de Paris. They give one of the most sensational dancing cabaret acts which has ever come from America

Francis C. Fuerst

Ballet in Vienna

A dance called "Rich and Poor," a scene from the ballet of a modern type, staged at the Vienna Opera House, and entitled "The Last Judgment." The music is by Haendel

Left:

The Classics in Berlin

Käthe Dorsch as Mary Stuart and Gerde Müller as Elizabeth, in "Mary Stuart," by Schiller, at the Volksbuehne Theatre, staged by Heinz Hilpert, the manager, on simple lines which have intensified the drama. The acting of these artists made this revival one of the landmarks of a successful winter season

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A Stock Exchange Note-Book

Chatter by "Junk" **Caricatures by "Jonk"**

AFTER weeks of Friday-night rehearsing, when notes came forth from the settling-room under the very nose of "the Old Lady" up the street, the House Orchestral Society makes a mixed issue next Friday at eight o'clock at the Queen's Hall, under the direction of Edric Cundell, the gifted conductor and composer, and the recent winner of the *Daily Telegraph* prize for chamber music composition. As has been the custom ever since the Society was started by a handful of enthusiasts over fifty years ago, the programme will be mainly of classical music. The soloists are Richard Ford, baritone, who is with a firm of jobbers, and Israel Hoffman, the promising young British pianist, who has been studying under chnabel; he will play Beethoven's C minor Concerto. Berlioz' "Chasse et Orage," ever before attempted by amateurs, will one of the orchestral pieces, and so will Rouslane and Ludmila," by Glinka; one ember thought this was a firm of arbit-geurs who are called at Stand 14.

THE original musicians who gathered gether under George Kitchin in 1883 mbered only twenty-five. But their en-siasm was soon rewarded, and their first blic concert, held a year later and including its programme a march by S. W. Waley, her of Alfred Waley, the present senior stee and manager, was so successful that eral subscription concerts were given, l larger and larger halls were booked. ally, the Society took the Queen's Hall, l there, since 1894, with a few exceptions, concerts have been held. Coleridge vlor, Sir Landon Ronald, W. H. Reed, leader of the L.S.O., and Hamish cCunn are well-known professionals who ve conducted the orchestra, besides the husiastic amateurs to whom, in its early l post-war days, the Society was entrusted. rge Kitchin was on the rostrum until 7, when Arthur Payne, who only died year ago, succeeded him. Mr. Payne s in control for eleven years, and then in, in 1922, he came back to help revive Society after the war, finally resigning 1924 to the present conductor.

THE Chairman of the Society is the Chairman of the Stock Exchange—Sir Archibald Campbell, as keen a patron of the arts as he is an interested supporter of all things connected with the House. Sir Archibald succeeded the loved and respected Joseph Rosselli, whose death a short time ago was a great grief and loss to the Society; it was due largely to his zeal and tireless energy that the Society reached its present sucessful position. And before talking about personalities of to-day, it is interesting to recall that the early concerts were the nurseries of such celebrities as Josef Szigeti, Myra Hess, and Arthur Catterall, whose names all appeared in post-war programmes.

AND now for the men of to-day who actually make the sounds.

Henry Lisser

"Oh, the brave music of a distant *drum!"*

He is a fine musician, like his father, and plays with the first violins. Arthur Hearder and Hugh Pike are the Hon. Secretaries, and deserve congratulations on the success of their hard work. Hugh Pike is a 'cellist, and his colleague leads the second violins, amongst whom is also Frederick Braithwaite, elder brother of Gurney, the M.P., and also a member of the Committee, which numbers five in all. James Lilienfeld, the leader of the orchestra, is another member of it. "Chimps," as he is nicknamed, is a devoted musician, often gives soirées musicales at his flat, and plays in chamber quartets for the love of it. He is better known in the House for his gift of producing a different sort of music with his hands, which he does simply by squeezing the palms together.

James Lilienfeld

Making music with his hands

ANOTHER of the first violins on the Committee is William Fielding, whose son, Arthur, now seventeen years old, is "following the good old Dad," and was the soloist two years ago, when he played the Vivaldi Concerto, which he has since broadcast with Sir Dan Godfrey's orchestra at Bournemouth. This leaves Jimmy Bartlett and Henry Lisser to be accounted for. J. Bartlett, who plays the flute, is a Society veteran of nearly forty years' standing, and Henry Lisser, who is musician, actor, lyric-writer and composer, plays the tympani, partly because he likes percussion, but chiefly because of a splinter which, some years ago, flew into the eye of C. M. Dyer (writer of "Help Yourself" cheques) and made the finding of a substitute a matter of extreme urgency.

Frederick Braithwaite

Playing second fiddle

Possibly the oldest members in point of service are those inseparable masters of the "wood" (bowls, not bass), Harry Dunnaway and Sam Hebditch, who each have more than forty years' association with the Society to their credit. Harry Dunnaway admits to playing as many as ten instruments besides the viola, and to having for some time wielded the baton at the Operatic Society's shows. He and Sam Hebditch with their violas, and A. W. Bliss with his 'cello, are still regulars at the Scala performances.

THE name of Rosselli continues its connection with the Society in the person of the Hon. Treasurer, J. R. Rosselli, a son of the former President.

FINALLY, mention must be made of those good instrumentalists—W. E. Broome, who plays the clarinet, and his brother, H. S., the trumpeter. Both are members of the official staff of the House, and received their musical training in pre-war Army days, while serving with the Ox and Bucks Light Infantry, in which regiment both had distinguished careers. Then they joined the band of the Queen Victoria Rifles, H. S. becoming sergeant-bugler, and W. E. band-master. W. E. Broome got his commission during the war, and ended up as captain and commandant of prisoners-of-war camps.

IN spite of a galaxy of existing talent, there is always room in the Society for good young instrumentalists. The House seems full of them at the moment, but they are mostly absorbed by dance bands.

"The Bystander" Book Shelf

Orcadian, Roman and Oriental

By A. G. Macdonell

MR. ERIC LINKLATER is a great hand at the picaresque novel. His famous Juan was in the direct line of descent from Cervantes and Nash and Fielding, with the important difference that in the novels of the earlier masters the central character had as much colour as the background and the adventures. Mr. Linklater's new book, *Magnus Merriman* (Cape; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is in the same tradition. Magnus was born in the Orkneys in 1897, fought in the Gordon Highlanders (in what is evidently the celebrated 51st Highland Division), escaped unwounded, and plunged into a literary career, as novelist, journalist and poet, in London. But very soon he was lured north to Edinburgh, and embroiled in the rising Nationalist movement for Scottish Home Rule. In Edinburgh he acquires a dashing American mistress who is living with very respectable relatives, gets often drunk, brawls, lands in the police station, quotes a great deal of Shakespeare, and stands as Nationalist candidate in a by-election. The by-election provides Mr. Linklater with his main opportunity for burlesque, and he makes an amusing thing out of it. The agent, Captain Smellie, who bungles all the organisation and finally bolts with the £150 deposit, is particularly good. From the by-election Magnus returns to his native Orkney, seduces the village maiden, and then dashes back to London journalism on the staff of a "stunt" paper. After some brilliant articles, slashing the Prime Minister to ribbons, have been published in the *Morning Call*, the proprietress of that up-to-date journal suddenly changes sides, and commissions Magnus to write some soul-stirring, emotional, Biblical articles in favour of the Prime Minister, entitled "I Am a Convert." Magnus refuses, and, hearing at about this time that the seduced farm-girl is about to have a baby, returns to Orkney once more, marries her, and settles down as a small Orcadian farmer. Mr. Linklater can handle almost any scene with power and convincingness. He is so versatile that he is at home as much in Fleet Street as on an Orcadian steading, in a Leith Walk tavern-brawl as on a political platform. His hero, Magnus, has two main defects. Mr. Linklater is so busy creating a scene that he has forgotten to create a hero. And, secondly, the poet's poetry is not very good. In fact, his only line of real poetry is lifted, with one change for the worse, out of Michael Drayton. Lastly, in a thoroughly enjoyable book, I do deplore the author's incessant dependence for his modernity and realism upon the phraseology of the lavatory.

WHEN I was at school, many years ago, I was compelled to study, in the company of my fellow-urchins, the works of a Roman lawyer called Cicero. This lawyer was inordinately proud of the fact that when he was Consul he saved the Roman Republic by breaking up the dangerous conspiracy of one Catilina, in the year 63 B.C., and we used to get very tired of reading, or, rather, trying to read, his pompous self-praise. Now an historical novel has been written about the whole conspiracy, called *Rome for Sale*, by Jack Lindsay (Elkin Mathews and Marrot; 8*s.* 6*d.*). Mr. Lindsay, who writes, by the way, with a merciful absence of any olde Englyshe, Wardour Street, stap-me anachronisms, does not accept the ordinary view that Catilina was an unscrupulous swashbuckler. Mr. Lindsay lifts the conspiracy on to a modern economic plane, and makes Catilina into a sort of aristocratic A. J. Cook, or even a kind of Mirabeau. The State was being ruled by Big Business. The powerful Capitalists were spending money like water to keep the depressed classes depressed. The public officials were corrupt. The aristocrats and the plutocrats were unbelievably extravagant and licentious. Catilina, according to Mr. Lindsay, was the genuine friend of the People, and the inveterate enemy of the vested interests.

Walter Bird

Eric Linklater

Author of "Juan in America," whose new book, "Magnus Merriman," is reviewed by A. G. Macdonell this week

MANY great figures flit across the pages of *Rome for Sale*. There is Julius Cæsar, not yet appreciated by his contemporaries as the giant of the age; Craseus, the gigantically rich speculator in real-estate, who kept his own private fire-brigade and refused to let it save the contents of a burning house unless the house and site was sold to him on the spot for a song; Cicero, of course, plays a big part. Mark Antony appears, and the inflexible Cato the Younger. In fact, it is one of the difficulties of following the story that so many characters appear in it. There is always a loss of continuity if the reader has to be incessantly turning back to see if it is Fulvius or Flavius who is the father of So-and-So. But, in spite of this difficulty, Mr. Lindsay keeps his big canvas alive through almost 450 pages, and his subject has the merit of being original. The wrapper of the book says that Mr. Lindsay is a classical scholar of distinguished credentials, and so I must accept his spelling of his hero's name. My own recollection, backed by all the speeches of Cicero and all the Classical Dictionaries that I can lay my hands on, would have spelt it Catilina, not Catalina. It is obvious that since my day some Prussian scholar has spent a lifetime in unearthing a new spelling. But what I flatly refuse to believe is that anyone has unearthed the proof that Julius Cæsar was the first Emperor of Rome. And when I find that Mr. Jack Lindsay, classical scholar, has committed himself to this statement in his Dramatis Personæ, I begin to wonder if I am not right about Catilina after all.

MRS. AGATHA CHRISTIE is of an inexhaustible inventiveness. Her *Murder on the Orient Express* (Crime Club; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is full of all her neatness of contrivance, her skill in description, and her deftness in character-drawing. In addition, she has made a brilliant contribution to the "country-house" difficulty. By that I mean that almost every detective writer is faced with the problem of segregating a squad of men and women from the outer world so that the reader shall have a chance of spotting the murderer. In consequence, nine out of ten writers place their murder in a country house, with a high-walled park. Mrs. Christie has got exactly the same effect by putting all her characters into the Orient Express and then jamming the train into a snow-drift in Jugo-Slavia, so that no one can escape from inside, and no one can interfere from outside. Add the inimitable M. Poirot as a casual traveller, and you have as pretty a setting for a murder as could be devised. The working-out is equally brilliant, and I have no hesitation in allowing Mrs. Christie to retain her place at the top of the class. There is just one trick that annoys me, and that is making two Belgians talk broken English to each other. They don't do it. They don't, really. Apart from that, *Murder on the Orient Express* is enthralling.

A FEW weeks ago, I expressed some surprise that Miss Irene Clephane, in her illustrated book, *Ourselves*, should not have included a photograph of Miss Joyce Wethered. On glancing through the book again, a mild eccentricity for a reviewer, I noticed to my horror that she has included one. I hasten to apologise, offering, as a small and inadequate excuse, that it was not at all the sort of photograph which I had been expecting.

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" by Madge Garland

F. J. Gutmann

Flowers from Flower Decorations

MISS IRIS ASHLEY, who continues to delight us by her rendering of one of the erring schoolgirls in "Nymph Errant," is shown above wearing a new spring dress and three-quarter coat from Debenhams. It is made of a lightweight woollen material in stone colour, and has seams cleverly joined together by hand-done faggoting. The collar is of brown velvet

ON the extreme left is shown a sketch of the same suit as that worn by Miss Ashley in the photograph above. The other model is of a three-piece costume in a self-striped grège material. The blouse has a brown crêpe-de-Chine tie, and the three-quarter length coat buttons on one shoulder. These two costumes were chosen from a large selection of early spring models at Debenhams

Bond Street and Thereabouts . . .

A Weekly Commentary on Fashion

by Madge Garland

LOOKING at the superb collection of English eighteenth-century portraits at Burlington House the other day, I wondered whether we were in for a revival of eighteenth-century grace—of long, white muslin dresses, blue sashes and fichus crossed low on the bosom. I am not suggesting that Gerald Kelly shall paint Jane XXXIII. in the costume in which Sir Peter Lely painted his wife, but I do suggest that the passing of the high, muffled neckline may be hastened by the revived memory of a period which seems to me particularly English.

ACTUALLY, rumours have already reached us of décolletages cut to the waist-line. Patou did one last year, fastening the bodice at the throat with a jewel, slitting it down to the waist and fastening it there with another jewel. It was shown in London with a slip modestly concealing the bosom. Now Lanvin has launched a low-cut, square décolletage which is almost Tudor in its frankness; and Augustabernard is experimenting with a low V. As usual, we shall not be able to resolve that conundrum about the cart and the horse.

But we are going too fast, for in the meantime Lelong's black velvet gown, which not only has a high neckline but also long, black sleeves, is worn by the Duchesse d'Harcourt, and is one of the successes of Paris. This, however, is backless and is trimmed by a jewelled clasp on the belt. Lady Sylvia Ashley goes farther and wears in the evening a long, slender black velvet gown with a round, high neck and long, black velvet sleeves. With this she wears a magnificent drop necklace of diamonds and several diamond bracelets and looks more than usual like a mediæval Princess out of a fairy-tale.

A COSTUME which almost might have stepped out of one of the frames in Burlington House was worn by Beatrice Lillie the other night. She had on a white chiffon dress with a tucked bertha of the material covering her shoulders, a trailing skirt with a tucked flounce around the hem, a sash composed of velvet ribbons in two shades of red, and her hair brushed closely to her head and held in place by a narrow black ribbon. You wouldn't believe she could look so demure—but then, she is one of our finest character actresses. . . .

BRACELETS of sequins in all colours, twisted and knotted, and threaded on very fine elastic. They are to be obtained at Debenhams

ANOTHER fashion to which the English exhibition will surely give an added impetus is that of wearing a ribbon threaded through the hair and tied in a tiny bow on one side. Lady Ashley's sister, Mrs. Bleck, looks charming with a narrow blue ribbon holding her brown curls. A lovely whim for the very young and round-faced, but tragic for the middle-aged and thin. This is considered to be a "new" fashion, but I remember seeing Lady Diana Cooper at the theatre two years ago with a pale pink ribbon tied round her head.

JEWELLERY seen. A plaited coronet of gold threads accompanied by a necklace of the same material, also plaited. Ear-rings shaped like shells but made in gold and diamonds. Bracelets made of sequins. These can be obtained in almost any colour and are, failing a really good selection of little diamond numbers, just what every woman wants to relieve the long, dark sleeves of her dinner gowns. A sketch of them is shown above, but necessarily lacks the flash and glitter which is their charm.—M. G.

EXCELLENT sports and walking shoes: the outer upper is carried over the sole and seals the welt where the inner upper meets it. This system of a shoe within a shoe renders it absolutely waterproof. A Cotton Oxford model

Meerson

AN original dinner ensemble consists of a stiff black faille skirt edged with a ruche and a jacket of patterned brocade which has frills of the material on the shoulder

A MAINBOCHER ensemble in a black woollen material has a three-quarter length jacket which buttons down the front and a blouse of striped taffeta in grey, mauve and red

Taffeta invades both our day and evening fashions

Luigi Diaz

Lancastrians at Play

Our Golf Photographer Visits Royal Lytham and St. Anne's

(1) G. Anderson and J. Loucker. (2) F. W. Walton and A. H. B. McCappin. (3) Ernest Hill and G. E. Rigby. (4) Colin Hargreaves and Roger Elleston

(5) B. H. Haveny, Captain of the Club, and T. Pym Williamson, Secretary. (6) T. Yates and J. L. Lord. (7) C. H. Goode, Col. C. K. Potter, and Oliver Yates. (8) Col. de Hoghton and Capt. S. H. Winterbottom. (9) W. Parke and J. R. Smith

The Fight for "The Bystander" Cup at the Nice Golf Club

A large number of entries were received for the annual mixed foursomes competition for a Cup presented by "The Bystander," and after a most enjoyable meeting on the Cagnes-sur-Mer Golf Links, the eventual winners were Mr. and Mrs. Van den Bergh, whose pictures appear on page 103. Above, on the left, are two couples who competed, Mr. and Mrs. Angelesco and Miss Elsmie and Mr. V. Ryan; while on the right are the runners-up, Mrs. Locker and Mr. L. W. Thornton

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

My Walker Cup Team

WHY is it that amateur team selection—if I may so term it—is so tremendously popular with all classes of golfing community? This proclivity not seem to be confined only to golfers, er; because I understand that cricketers nd their time selecting Test sides, and I w that footballers most certainly indulge his pastime to a very marked degree. I ose the whole truth of the matter is when we are selecting sides, we suddenly ourselves raised to a great eminence of er. My last week's article on the subof the team to represent us this year at Andrews in the Walker Cup match, h a friend and I selected by the fireside, produced a telegram! This message ort, but to the point. It says: "*Have doing the same thing for some time. do you pair-up in foursomes?*" Then es the signature of an eminent personage. ve written to him to ask him for his and his remarks on ours, so perhaps, r on, you will be burdened with more ussion on this point. But at the moment propose to supply him with the information which he evidently urgently requires, partly because I shall then be at least satisfying one reader, but chiefly because I shall be satisfying myself. It really is a most amusing way of passing the time on a winter's afternoon.

You will remember that my side, in the order of play for the singles, is as follows: Michael Scott (captain), T. A. Bourn, C. J. H. Tolley, J. McLean, T. A. Torrance, J. B. Beck, S. McKinley, and Henry Howell, with Andrew McNair as reserve.

I HAD better make Andrew's situation clear at once; he is a reserve to take the place of anyone who may fall out through indisposition, or for any other reason. He is not there to be substituted in the foursomes in the place of one of those selected to play in the singles. I know that for some time team captains have been substituting one of the men who have not played in the singles to play in the foursomes, but, personally, I am in entire disagreement with this practice. It seems to me that if a man is good enough player to play in the singles, he is quite good enough player to play in the foursomes. He should not be displaced for one of those not considered good enough to play in the singles. There is, of course, the sympathetic point of view that one should give everybody a chance. This particularly applies to the matches which take place in America, where ten men have made the long journey, and the inclination is to give them all a run for their money. But it is an inclination which, to my mind, should be very firmly suppressed. Our job is not to give everybody a run for their money, but to win the match, and even though the situation may appear hopeless, that is no excuse, just on account of this sympathy, for putting in a less good man to take the place of probably a better one, since the age of miracles is definitely not past, particularly on a golf-course, and a match is never lost until it is won. So Andrew McNair doesn't get a look-in unless one of the other eight is forced to cry off.

MY side in the foursomes will be led by Cyril Tolley and Henry Howell. I have a definite feeling that these two would make a great partnership. They are both very long from the tee, and Henry has the added quality of being extremely straight. This must not be taken as an insult to Cyril, who, all the world knows, does at times deviate from the centre of the fairway. It is therefore necessary, in my opinion (in case Cyril should not be in his most docile mood on the day of the match), that the man who plays with him must be a master of recovery should it become necessary, just as is Cyril Tolley himself. This last remark, in its turn, must not be taken as an insult to Henry, for it suggests that he frequently plays himself into positions which require great recoveries; it is one of the marvels to me that Henry Howell can recover so well, for he does not frequently have to in a single, but the fact remains that he is excellent in this part of the game. His short game is extraordinarily good, just as is Cyril's, and he is a very fine putter indeed . . . again, just as is Cyril. I have always felt that Tolley and Howell would form a partnership to be feared by any in the world, amateur or professional.

My second pair is Michael Scott and McLean. I have previously and only recently described what a remarkable foursome partner Michael Scott has proved himself to be. I feel that the combination of experience and brilliance would be very successful. McLean may be said to have had a good deal of experience in the last two years, but his is as nothing compared with that of Michael Scott, and I think the two of them together would probably win their match.

My third partnership is Torrance and McKinley. The doings of Tony Torrance are so well known that they require no ventilation on this page, and of McKinley I need only say that he is very nearly as good as McLean. This all-Scottish partnership would be more than likely, I feel, to register a point for our side.

That leaves me with Dale Bourn and John Beck for my last pair. This is an old and tried partnership. It has played on frequent occasions for the Old Carthusians in the Halford Hewitt Cup, at Deal, and it has always possessed the happy knack of winning when a victory was essential. By this I mean that John and Dale have never lost a match for Charterhouse when the side, as a whole, has lost—which is a record of which to be proud. But it is not only at Deal that these two have played together with success: only this year, in Ireland, they played for the side which the English Golf Union calls England, and frequently throughout the winter they may be seen battling together in Mole matches. I would be perfectly happy to back them to beat the fourth pair of America.

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

At Cardiff!

Below: Rugby football in Paris. The Racing Club is in action against the Stade Nantais, and the picture shows one of the players appearing guilty of obstruction

Old Merchant Taylors beat Guy's Hospital at Honor Oak Park by 15 points to nil, and the picture above shows an O.M.T. player being collared before being able to put in a pass

NEXT Saturday comes the first International match of the season, and the special trains will be steaming out of Paddington for Cardiff, where England play Wales. And as we toy with the excellent kidneys and bacon on the 8.55, we shall begin a discussion of Rugby football which will last throughout that momentous day.

Even at that uncomfortably early hour the enthusiast will argue about the merits of the rival teams. With the porridge he will thresh out the full-back problem, and Owen-Smith's qualification. With the fish come the three-quarters, to be followed, as the bacon sizzles, by the half-backs, and so, reaching for the marmalade, to the forwards. And after such a gargantuan breakfast, we may take it that the result of the match will be pretty well settled.

I 'm not so sure, though, that we can jump to any conclusions. That it will be a grand game, sparkling with excitement, is certain enough, for nowhere is the atmosphere more electric than at Cardiff Arms Park. They know how to enjoy their Rugby football, these Welshmen, and their enthusiasm galvanises the players into unexpected brilliance.

I DON'T propose to discuss H. G. Owen-Smith's qualification, for I 've had my say about that, and it is, after all, a matter for the International Board. I only hope they will deal with it, and take some clear-cut line of action.

Qualification apart, then, Owen-Smith is clearly the best full-back in England, though he was off-colour in the final Trial, when K. C. Kinnersley played well enough to deserve a cap. Owen-Smith, though, is a class player, and if in one game out of many he falls below his own exceptionally high standard, we have no reason to suppose that he will let England down at Cardiff.

AND what of the England three-quarters? Here the Selectors were in a quandary, for injuries deprived them of A. C. Novis and C. D. Aarvold, and they had no option but to include the inexperienced G. W. C. Meikle, on the left wing. Meikle has leapt into the limelight with a bang. He shot up through the trap-door only three weeks ago, when Leicester brought him into their side against the Barbarians, and he scored thirteen points by really good football. Then, in the final Trial, he had no chances, and his defence against Booth's brilliant running was not impressive. Still, Meikle is dangerous, and a good choice.

Booth, on the right wing, is a superb attacking player, but what are we to think of Cranmer and Gerrard, both of them left-centres? My own opinion is that they should do very well. Young Cranmer has shown signs of genius, and will surely fit in with Booth on the right wing. His defence is magnificent, and he can go through an opening like a rocket, and time his passes perfectly. As for Gerrard, he is a strong runner, and a sure tackler, with the right physique for International football.

A fine three-quarter line, then, and Gadney and Elliot at half-back were the obvious pair, there is no doubt of that. Gadney is exceptionally powerful, and the Welsh scrum-half is in for a very lively afternoon. Elliot is a puzzling, variable player, but there is no denying his individual effectiveness in attack, which has the unmistakable stamp of class upon it.

AND now the forwards—so important against the tearaway Welsh pack. The England pack at Birkenhead was most competent, but since then injuries have kept Webb and Forrest out of the second row, and the result has been extremely depressing. Never have I seen worse scrummaging than in the second and third Trial matches, but, fortunately for England, both Kendrew and Webb will be playing at Cardiff. It may be that Kendrew will shake the English forwards out of their lethargy, and it is certain that Webb will help materially in transmitting the weight effectively to the front row. H. A. Fry is a fine, thrustful player, very often in the right place when a back has broken away, but it seems to me that he is developing his skirmishing ability at the expense of his scrummaging, and an International forward must scrummage.

ON the whole, there is plenty of good material in this England pack, but it will have to be put to the right use, and Gregory will have to abandon his practice of swinging for the ball when he is hooking. Swinging was never any good, even in desperation, for it inevitably means a useless and slow heel, quite apart from the disintegrating effect it has upon a scrummage. And the opinion of any second-row forward who has had his ears lacerated and his neck twisted by the gyrations of a swinging hooker would be unprintable but definitely final. I am inclined to think, however, taking it by and large, that the Selectors have chosen their team soundly and logically.

AS I write, the Welsh team has not been announced, which complicates matters for the would-be prophet. I can make a rough guess, though, that the backs will be V. G. Jenkins, B. T. V. Cowey, C. Davey, Idwal Rees, G. Rees-Jones, Cliff Jones, and D. D. Evans, a useful combination. Jenkins is a grand full-back, a natural footballer, whose sense of position is unerring; Cowey, the Army player, is a vastly improved and most determined wing three-quarter, and Rees-Jones, of Oxford, goes for the line like a bullet. Claude Davey is not exactly a constructive centre, but he is strong and a fine defensive player, while Idwal Rees has cleverness and occasional brilliance to commend him. Cliff Jones, of Cambridge, is the most elusive of stand-off halves, but whether Evans is big enough to stand up to Gadney is doubtful.

Wales seem to be having some difficulty with their forwards. The physique is there, as usual, and A. M. Rees has proved his worth as an opportunist, but so far the scrummaging has been poor. That is a general complaint this season, and we may take it that Wales will be hard to beat.

My own predilection is for England, but I am not taking any bets on the result.

THE WORTHINGTON SPORTING CALENDAR

JANUARY, 1934

16th to 31st inclusive

16th **Racing.** Birmingham.

17th **Racing.** Hurst Park.
Hockey. Royal Air Force v. Royal Engineers, Uxbridge.
Ice Hockey. Grosvenor House Canadians v. Cambridge University.

18th **Racing.** Hurst Park.
Amateur Boxing. The Navy v. Royal Air Force, Salisbury.

19th **Racing.** Newbury.
Ice Hockey. Oxford University v. Queen's.

20th **Racing.** Newbury.
Rugby (Union). Wales v. England. Upper Clapton v. Metropolitan Police. Old Blues v. United Services, Portsmouth. Richmond v. Cambridge.
Rugby (Northern). St. Helens v. Leeds. Swinton v. Halifax. Keighley v. Warrington. Huddersfield v. Dewsbury.
Assoc. Football. Manchester City v. Arsenal. Tottenham Hotspurs v. Leicester City. Marlow v. Aylesbury United. Metropolitan Police v. Wood Green.
Ice Hockey. Warwickshire v. Lancashire.
Hockey. Blackheath v. Reigate. Royal Navy and Marines v. Beckenham. Wimbledon v. Oxford University Occasionals.

22nd **Racing.** Derby.
Ice Hockey. Streatham v. Oxford University.

23rd **Racing.** Derby.
Shows. Flower Show, Horticultural Hall.
Old Custom. Up-Helly, a Festival, Lerwick, Shetland Isles.

24th **Racing.** Chelmsford.

25th **Amateur Boxing.** Fitzroy Lodge B.C., Stadium Club, London.
Squash Rackets. South of England Championships (Women), Brighton.

26th **Racing.** Kempton Park.
Squash Rackets. South of England Championships (Women), Brighton.
Amateur Boxing. Hays Wharf S.A., Bermondsey.

27th **Racing.** Kempton Park.
Assoc. Football. F.A. Cup Comp'tion, 4th Round. Wales v. England (Amateur) Bangor.
Hockey. Royal Navy v. Oxford University. Wimbledon v. Southgate. Blackheath v. Teddington.
Ice Hockey. Queen's v. Cambridge University. Lancashire v. Grosvenor Hse. Canadians.
Rugby (Union). Final Irish Trial, Dublin. Harlequins v. Cambridge University. Upper Clapton v. Catford Bridge. Pontypool v. Northampton.
Rugby (Northern). Oldham v. London Highfield. Leeds v. Swinton. Huddersfield v. Bramley.

29th **Racing.** Leicester.
Amateur Boxing. Battersea B.C., Nine Elms. Baths.
Squash Rackets. America v. Queen's Club (Women).

30th **Racing.** Leicester.

31st **Racing.** Sandown Park.
Hockey. Royal Navy v. Cambridge.

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

Women's Golf: *By Eleanor E. Helme*

Dissection

Bassano

A new portrait of Miss Kathleen Garnham, the French Golf Champion and English International. In addition to being a very fine golfer, Miss Garnham is also an excellent artist

DEAR BYSTANDER,

A FEW weeks ago the golfing world was rather startled by the exploits of the man who went round Worplesdon in the sixties with an absurdly small number of clubs. Since then the rest of the golfing Press seems to have been agitated somewhat on the subject, and have even suggested competitions in which the lowest handicaps should concede clubs instead of strokes. My eminent colleague, Mr. Fairlie, seems to think that you may draw tigers' claws by robbing them of their clubs. Personally, I do not altogether agree with him. A good many ladies would go nearer the feat of the Worplesdon gentleman if they would cut out some of those implements which their caddies carry round and polish at the end, but which never get a good honest bite of turf from one round's end to another. I have often longed to offer a prize at an open meeting for the golfer carrying her own clubs who should do the lowest score, but have abstained, fearing the wrath of the caddies, amongst whom all of us number many good friends.

BUT without any talk of freak competitions, it is really interesting to consider how many shots are played with each of the clubs that the normal golfer has carried round behind her. Suppose we dissect an average round of 79 shots—79 is such a much more pleasant number than 80. Let us take Worplesdon, for example, and we will assume that the lady is practising from men's tees so as to be fully armed for future arguments with her partner, in the one and only Mixed Foursomes, whether she shall take the odds or the evens. There are five short holes, and if we pretend that this is a still day with a sufficiency of run, a brassie will be long enough at both seventh and thirteenth. Therefore, there are thirteen shots to be played with a driver from the tee. Now, then, for the brassie; there are ten of these, reckoning that she takes that club at the seventh and thirteenth, probably three spoons, which gives her that club for the fourth; four long irons, including the tee shot at the sixteenth, nothing at all with numbers four, five, and six, excepting the tee shot at the tenth, and seven chips. That completed with thirty-six putts gets our lady round Worplesdon in 74, which we know is possible—ask Miss Wethered or Miss Peech. But we were looking on 79 as good. Horrors, is our standard as low as all that! What that seems to show, beyond the horrible power of the putter, which plays more shots than all the others put together, is that the lady would have had a much more interesting time if she had played from the forward tees, when some of the brassies would have been converted into long irons and some of the long irons into shorter ones. Niblicks and chips can, of course, be added to taste (or distaste), for nobody will often play so perfectly as that analysis of shots suggests.

ANALYSE, for example, what Miss Jessie Anderson, in one round or another, reached every hole at Stoke Poges in during the process of winning the Girls' Championship last September. That was from ladies' tees, when there was a good deal of run. She never once had wood out of her bag for a second shot, and with three short holes that gives her 69. Which is absurd. Of course, one could argue until the cows came home whether the better test of golf is supplied by plenty of iron play or unceasing wood. The Ladies' Golf Union, from the excessive length of tees that they sometimes choose, give the impression that they consider that first-class women golfers should be tested almost exclusively on wooden play, but that is not the opinion of the best players, who hold that since men are tested in their championships over courses which provide any amount of iron play, tees for a woman's championship ought also to give plenty of scope for that type of shot.

IF, from all this dissecting, one tries to arrive at what is the most valuable club in golf and what the budding golfer most needs to perfect, the answer is "a putt," quite firmly and conclusively. It is one of those irrefutable things over which argument is quite useless. There was a great deal of sense in the puzzled enquiry of a complete novice who, after the playing of a hole had been elaborately explained to her, said, as if she had really arrived at what was meant: "Then they don't begin to count the strokes until they get to the putting green?" In first-class golf it so often does come down to that, only the trouble is that we have got to get there. So that length and the ability to get out of trouble do count as well. If we merely say that because we play more shots with wooden clubs than with irons, then wood is the more important thing, we omit the fact that so many of the shots up to the hole are played with an iron, and it is on the perfection of those finishing shots that the probability of getting down in one—or, at most, two putts—depends. Consider also the relative cost of missed shots with the various clubs. Supposing that out of your thirteen drives five of them are more or less miss-hit, the difference to the hole is probably nothing more than that you must take a brassie instead of an iron, or an iron instead of a mashie. But suppose that you miss-hit three out of five iron shots (I am afraid I have a low opinion of the iron play of so many women), the failure of those three shots to reach the green at which each of them is played means definitely three shots to be played with a mashie or niblick, instantly added on to your total, even if you do not waste more by having plunged that crooked iron shot into the midst of the jungle. The same may be said of any missed mashie shot.

The answer seems to be a little depressing, for it looks as if we can do with nothing less than perfection in every department. Isn't that a good moral sentiment on which to end?

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

Three Wanderers Return

Miss Molly Gourlay, Miss Diana Plumpton, and Miss Doris Chambers arrive at Southampton. They were three of the members of the British Women's Golf Team which has been touring South Africa

Stimulating, warming and comforting at all times, Johnnie Walker is the perfect and unfailing winter drink. And when chills, colds and 'flu are in the air, Johnnie Walker at bedtime can often conquer the trouble at the outset.

Born 1820 — Still going Strong

Johnnie Walker

Left: an air-liner in miniature. Short Brothers, of Rochester, have entered the field as makers of a six-seater that requires no more than 170 horse-power to fly at 120 miles an hour. Its tests are being carried out at the Customs Airport of Gravesend, whose control tower can be seen in the background

The Autogiro flies non-stop to Paris in 140 minutes. Captain R. A. C. Brie, seen in the cockpit before starting the flight from Heston, is the chief test pilot to the Company. The machine was delivered to the French Government, which intends to use it for Naval co-operation

Taking the Air for Pleasure or Profit: By Charles Ward

Where to Fly When in London

PEOPLE fly on business, to enjoy the view, or just for fun, and there are aerodromes round London to cater for all tastes. Croydon is the big business centre for international air traffic, and woe betide any novice who attempts to practise tarmac landings, or any practice landings, for that matter, for the maroons would go up and tractors would advance from every side to impound the unfortunate Moth that had dared to upset the air-line time-tables. Last year 87,539 people cleared Customs from Croydon on their way to and from the Continent, Africa, and the Far East. Heston is London's airport for the private owner, with a flying school, several air-taxi ranks, and the usual workshops, show-rooms, and hotel. Nearly 3000 pilots and passengers cleared Customs at Heston in 1933, and when the new traffic hall is opened, there will be plenty of scope for the home airways that are planned to link London with the counties, Scotland and Ireland. The aerodrome is being extended to provide an operating area of 105 acres, and the increase in trade has called also for another hangar.

Schools Within Easy Reach

THE difference between a flying school and a flying club is no longer easy to define. Formerly, schools charged no subscription, there being nothing to charge for except flying, which was more expensive than at a club, because pupils often had to be guaranteed tuition in a certain time. The clubs, on the other hand, provided social amenities, but members had to await their turn to take the air, and it was no uncommon thing for a pupil to spend a year in learning sufficient of the art to be trusted in the air alone. Nowadays every school has a club-room, so most people keep their 'planes and learn to fly at the nearest aerodrome. Starting from the north, Hatfield, at the junction of the by-pass and the road from St. Albans, is the headquarters of the London Club, with squash courts, a swimming-bath, clay-pigeon shooting, riding, and other sports thrown in with as much flying as one can afford on Moths of all kinds. The Heston school, already referred to, uses the Avro Cadet as well as the Moth, and Hanworth, a few miles farther south, on the other side of the Great West Road, uses Moths, whilst training can also be had on the Autogiro. Brooklands has a fine school for flying, and is associated with the College of Aeronautical Engineering of Chelsea. To the south and east, there are schools at Gatwick—run by British Air Transport until their own aerodrome at Redhill is completed—at Maidstone, Gravesend, and at Rochford, near Southend, in Essex. Gravesend is a Customs Airport, used quite frequently in the winter by the Dutch liners unable to make Croydon. Another aerodrome in a useful position will be that being built for Rochester, where Short Brothers are turning out two thirty-eight-seater land-'planes for Imperial Airways, as well as a new taxi-'plane type.

Gossip from the Clubs

I HEAR that an aerodrome is to be opened at Old Warden, near Bedford, by Mr. Shuttleworth, who flies and drives at Brooklands. A hangar is being built and a ground engineer will be on duty to give service to visitors. Changes at Reading include merging the two Clubs into that run by the Phillips and Powis organisation, National Flying Services having disposed of their interests. It seems probable that the latter Company may also make a deal with local groups to take over its other provincial centres, except, perhaps, the Yorkshire Club, at Yeadon, which has been run at a profit, under the capable management of Captain Worrall, for some time. Further details of the Speed Hawk, which was illustrated on this page last week, have come to hand as a result of tests at Reading. It is fitted with a Hermes engine, giving it 160 miles an hour all out, a climb to 10,000 feet at the rate of 1000 feet a minute, and its range for Man Mohan Singh's flight will be 2000 miles. Lord Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton, a brother of the Marquess of Clydesdale, who is an M.P. and the first pilot to fly over Mount Everest, is on his way to Hong Kong to fly for the Far East Aviation Company. This concern runs a school at Kai Tak aerodrome and represents most British aviation products in China, except Moths, these being handled by one of Sir Victor Sassoon's companies. Mr. Vaughan Fowler, the managing director of the Far East concern, was with Handley Page at Cricklewood in the early days of civil aviation.

Competition for International Mails

KEEN competition for mails to the Far East will be a feature of air-line operations in future. Compare Imperial Airways' present schedule of ten days from London to Singapore, carrying passengers in comfort as well as mails, with the fast Dutch and French flights of the past month. The special Dutch mail-'plane, "Postjager," covered 9000 miles from Amsterdam to Batavia in forty-six flying hours, whilst their normal service machine made the New Year trip each way in just over four days. The French "Dewoitine" flew from Paris to Indo-China in forty-eight flying hours at an average speed of 155 miles an hour. If we mean to capture some of the international mail traffic, as well as retain our contracts with the States of the Empire, it seems necessary to show that we have British machines which are fast, as well as being comfortable and reliable.

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Some Easy Recipes Which Will Simplify Your Housekeeping

DELICIOUS!

In the Hunt for Delicacies, Easily Prepared, One is "Well Away" with Waffles. Then there are Jellies and Soups and Sweetmeats which Contribute to a Good Table without Tears or Toil

How often one would prefer, especially on a cold evening, to feed at home if it were not for the thought of the trouble the preparation of a meal entails. But if one can eat well at one's own table and by one's own fireside, without labour; if one can produce, almost by magic, delicious dishes which evoke praise of one's culinary skill, then the pleasure of being hostess may be added to the amenities of home life.

Waffles are fashionable! Delicious, crisp, providing an unlimited variety of dishes either as appetisers, a main dish or a savoury, they solve a hundred menu problems, and to make them is simplicity itself, even for the least experienced cook. All that is necessary is a "Solon" electric waffler, which can be plugged in to any heat or power plug, and stands on its own insulated base on sideboard or table. The "Solon" has been carefully designed so that the Waffles are evenly browned and crisped on both sides without turning them.

There is no need to be intimidated by the fact that you have not a recipe; the makers of the "Solon" waffler supply a sample packet of standard Waffle powder, which only has to be mixed with a little water to make a batter, which is poured on to the special little grid; the waffler is then closed, and in three minutes you have perfect, light, delicious and digestible Waffles, piping hot and ready to serve—with maple syrup, jam, a savoury filling, or what you will.

Those who prefer to prepare their own Waffle mixture and have the time to do so, can, of course, use it with gratifying results in the "Solon" waffler, which is a perfect cooker and of attractive design. But the "Solon" Waffle powder is certainly a boon and a wonderful incentive to table cookery for those who want to prepare an appetising meal quickly, and without fear of failure.

Fruit jellies make a refreshing, light, and nutritive finish to well-chosen little meals, and can be prepared with a minimum expenditure of money, time, and trouble with the help of the new "Oxade" jellies (from the noted firm of Oxo, Ltd.) in cube form. A shilling packet contains eight cubes, each making a half-pint jelly, flavoured with lemon, raspberry, orange, and black-currant. There are two of each flavour in a packet, or they may be purchased separately.

Another valuable product from the Oxo Company is their chocolate, which combines the nourishing properties of both chocolate and Oxo, and is a delightful sweetmeat at the close of a meal or a sustaining substitute when one is separated by circumstances from the board that groans! The merits of Oxo cubes for the rapid preparation of a cup of good and invigorating soup or as an ameliorating addition to the flavour and appearance of soup stock, gravies, and sauces need hardly be stressed: they have long been known to and appreciated by the intelligent caterer.

Charming little meals, easy to prepare and easy to eat, can grace the least pretentious table by means of such excellent modern aids to good living and quick service.

All entries for The Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of* The Bystander *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of* The Bystander, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

The Editor's Box

All About Africa

The fortieth issue of the *South and East African Year Book and Guide*, published by the Union Castle Line at 2s. 6d., is an amazing half-crown's worth of information. It is as up-to-date as a guide can be, innumerable amendments having been made since last year, and is invaluable to business men, traders, and settlers, as it is to tourists, naturalists, and big-game hunters. A new and copyright atlas by Bartholomew and Sons is included in this edition, as is a Desk Section, containing details of postal regulations, licences, taxes, weights and measures, currencies, and so on. The gold industry is dealt with at length, as are immigration, land laws, agriculture generally, fauna of all parts of the country, climate, geography, and history. For the tourist, descriptions of the towns, with historical notes, are as useful as the information about the means of transport and the various routes. The index itself includes over 2600 place names, and is practically a gazetteer.

Mr. Charles Keeler, of Stanwell, Middlesex, and Miss Mamie Short, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Short, of Hanger Hill, Ealing, leaving All Souls', Langham Place, after their wedding

For the Record-breaker

An interesting presentation recently took place when Gordon Richards, the famous jockey, received from Mr. Frank Hartigan a very handsome silver waiter, on which was mounted one of the shoes of "Golden King," the horse on which he broke Fred Archer's record. The waiter, which was suitably inscribed, was specially made by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Ltd., of 112, Regent St., London, W.1.

Butter and Motor-Cars

Mr. F. T. Sandford, the official representative of the High Commissioner for New Zealand, recently took part in an interesting function at the Vauxhall Motor Works at Luton, when a practical demonstration of what Empire trade reciprocity means to the individual was given.

Five thousand half-pound packets of New Zealand butter were distributed to the personnel of the Vauxhall factory, and Mr. Sandford, in handing the first packet to the oldest Vauxhall employee, remarked: "The Vauxhall distributors and dealers in New Zealand, by purchasing 5000 packets of butter and presenting them as a Christmas gift to the mechanics in England who make the cars, are most strikingly illustrating the real sentiment of Empire reciprocity. Their kindly thought has behind it an appeal to the British workmen to buy New Zealand produce and therefore assist the New Zealand farmers to purchase more British manufactures—particularly Vauxhall cars and Bedford trucks."

It has been calculated that if the employees of just this one British factory purchased one pound of New Zealand butter per week for a year, the expenditure would amount to £13,000; on a national basis similar purchases of New Zealand produce would do much to increase the prosperity and buying power of the Dominion, where, incidentally, Vauxhall cars and Bedford trucks hold a leading position in the list of road-vehicle registrations.

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What's On

"The Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

THE THEATRE

Plays

CHRISTOPHER BEAN, THE LATE.—The discovery of a lost masterpiece upsets Cedric Hardwicke and all his family; only Edith Evans and her Welsh accent remain more or less unperturbed: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ESCAPE ME NEVER!—Elizabeth Bergner acts brilliantly but the erratic Bohemianism of Marguerite Kennedy's play about the Sangers allows her only limited opportunities to demonstrate the greatness of her art: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FRESH FIELDS.—Lilian Braithwaite and Ellis Jeffreys inimitable in Ivor Novello's comedy: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

GENIUS AT HOME.—Wilfred Walter as Thomas Carlyle, and Marda Vanne as Jane, in Elizabeth Drew's play: Embassy.

THE MAN WHO WAS FED UP.—Basil Foster as the fed-up one, with Barbara Couper as the wife who is responsible for his discontent, in Frederick Witney's comedy from the Embassy: Vaudeville, 8.30. Mon., Fri., 2.30.

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.—Marie Tempest has the perfect part in H. M. Harwood's brilliant comedy: Queen's, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ON THE ROCKS.—Bernard Shaw points his satiric finger at Downing Street; in the cast are Nicholas Hannen, Ellen Pollock, and Lewis Casson: Winter Garden, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.15.

REUNION IN VIENNA.—Perfect polish, wit, and charm, and the authentic Viennese glamour, for which grateful bouquets may be handed to Robert Sherwood, who wrote the play, and to Lynn Fontanne, Alfred Lunt and Cecil Parker, who play, respectively, the wife, her psychiatrist husband, and her ex-princely lover: Lyric, Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

RICHARD OF BORDEAUX.—History burnished and subtly modernised to make one of the most successful plays of the year; John Gielgud and Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies lead the excellent cast: New, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE ROSE WITHOUT A THORN.—A revival of Clifford Bax's play about that so-fashionable monarch, Henry VIII., with Frank Vosper again as the King: Duke of York's, 8.30.

A SLEEPING CLERGYMAN.—Robert Donat, Doris Fordred, and Ernest Thesiger, a brilliant trio in James Bridie's play on the roundabouts and swings of heredity: Piccadilly, 8.30. Mon., Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE TEMPEST.—With Charles Laughton as Prospero, Ursula Jeans as Miranda, and Roger Livesey and Elsa Lanchester as Caliban and Ariel: Sadler's Wells, 8. Thurs., Sat., 2.30. Moves to Old Vic., Jan. 22.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—A charming and light-hearted story of student life in Edinburgh, with Robert Harris and Celia Johnson playing sweethearts, and occasionally in a minor key: St. Martin's, 8.30. Mon., Tues., Fri., 2.30.

With Music

GAY DIVORCE.—Fred Astaire dances as only he can, with Claire Luce to back him up; they have Cole Porter's songs to sing: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LILAC TIME.—With Helen Gilliland, Derek Oldham, and W. H. Berry: Alhambra, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30, till Jan. 20

NICE GOINGS ON.—The best laughing show that 's on; Leslie Henson never gives his audience a solemn moment. Robertson Hare and Zelma O'Neal do their share: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

NYMPH ERRANT.—Gertrude Lawrence from start to finish; if you like her, you 'll like this. Cole Porter's music again, and a super-Cochran cast and setting: Adelphi, 8.30. Thurs., Sat, 2.30.

ON WITH THE SHOW.—A spectacular one at that, with Betty Frankiss, Patrick Waddington, Marjorie Lotinga, and a few more: Prince's, 8.15 and 2.30.

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PLEASE!—Beatrice Lillie's perfect sense of humour and impudent mimicry framed in the light entertainment of Charlot's revue: Savoy, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THAT 'S A PRETTY THING.—A musical farce about stolen necklaces, with George Gee untiring in humour and invention as the chief robber: Daly's, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

AFTERWARDS.—Walter Hackett mixes crookery with farce, Marion Lorne, Ronald Squire, and Gordon Harker topping the cast: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LABURNUM GROVE.—Edmund Gwenn as the family-man who may or may not be a crook, and Mary Jerrold as his wife, in J. B. Priestley's entertaining mystery-comedy: Duchess, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LADIES' NIGHT.—An Aldwych farce, with a Turkish-bath centrepiece, and Sydney Howard "What 's-to-do-ing" with his customary verve and hand-play: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TEN-MINUTE ALIBI.—A dream inspired the murderer, and putting the clock back nearly saved his skin; Robert Douglas in his original part: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WHILE PARENTS SLEEP.—Anthony Kimmins' first play still raises a theatre-full of laughs: Playhouse, 8.40.

WHISTLING IN THE DARK.—An American gangster play, with some ingenious double-plotting and a well-contrived escape; exciting enough for the unsophisticated: Comedy, 8.30.

First Nights

THE RIVALS.—Lady Tree, Joyce Carey, Baliol Holloway and Frank Cellier in the cast of Sheridan's play: Ambassadors, Jan. 18.

SATURDAY'S CHILDREN.—Maxwell Anderson's New York success has Joyce Barbour, Hilda Sims, Dorothy Hyson and Colin Keith-Johnston in the English version: Westminster, Jan. 23.

Christmas Fare

ALICE IN WONDERLAND: Duke of York's. Matinées only.

THE BABES IN THE WOOD.—Pantomime: Scala.

BUCKIE'S BEARS: Playhouse. Matinées only.

CHARLEY'S AUNT.—First revival for three years: Gaiety. Twice daily, 2.30, 8.15.

DADDY LONG LEGS: Victoria Palace.

HANSEL AND GRETEL.—With Victoria Hopper and Leslie French: Cambridge Theatre. Matinées, 2.30 and some evenings.

MASKELYNE'S MYSTERIES: Little Theatre, 2.30 and 8.15.

PETER PAN.—With Jean Forbes Robertson as Peter: Palladium. Matinées only. Special "Ivory Cross" matinée to-day.

QUEEN OF HEARTS.—Pantomime: Lyceum, 2 and 7.30.

TOAD OF TOAD'S HALL: Royalty. Matinées only.

TREASURE ISLAND.—Reginald Bach as Pew, Malcolm Keen as Long John Silver: Comedy. Matinées only.

WHAT HAPPENED TO GEORGE: Wyndham's. Daily 2.30, and some evenings.

WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD: Fortune. Twice daily.

WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS: Holborn Empire, 2.15.

OPERA

OPERA.—The Vic-Wells season continues at the Old Vic.

CINEMAS

BED OF ROSES.—Constance Bennett as an ex-reformatory girl in a very underworld film: Plaza.

THE BOWERY.—A three-star film with Wallace Beery, George Raft and Jackie Cooper; and the "Pied Piper" colour-symphony: New Gallery.

BROADWAY THROUGH A KEYHOLE.—Constance Cummings and a star-ish cast in a film by Walter Winchell, the columnist: Tivoli.

EVERY WOMAN'S MAN.—With Myrna Loy and Walter Huston in it: Empire.

I'M NO ANGEL.—Mae West's "Come up and see me sometime" film continues to be amusing, vulgar, and full of life: Carlton.

LADY FOR A DAY.—May Robson as an old apple-woman who becomes a Society dame for a day; and the "Three Little Pigs," as gay and as brave as ever: Coliseum.

LA MATERNELLE.—Continues its run, with "Quatorze Juillet" in a double programme: Academy.

LE PETIT ROY.—The boy-star, Robert Lynen ("Poil de Carotte"), in a new film: Rialto.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII.—Charles Laughton and a cavalcade of Queens, under Alexander Korda's direction, produce a great English picture: Leicester Square.

SON OF A SAILOR.—A slick comedy, paired with "The Worst Woman in Paris," which features Adolphe Menjou and Benita Hume: Capitol.

THUNDER OVER MEXICO.—A film on the grandest scale, but without stars, and silent but for musical accompaniment; directed by the famous Eisenstein. "The Mascot" suggests a rival for Felix and Micky: Marble Arch Pavilion.

VOLTAIRE.—George Arliss as the French philosopher: Regal.

MUSIC

Orchestral

BERLIN PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA.—Furtwangler conducts. First Programme: Mozart's D major Suite, Schumann's Fourth and Beethoven's Seventh Symphonies. Second Programme: Beethoven's "Leonora No. 2" Overture, Reger's Mozart Variations and Brahms' Third Symphony. Queen's Hall, Jan. 22 and 23 8.15. Albert Hall Concert on Jan. 28.

R.P.S. CHAMBER MUSIC.—The first of the series of four concerts, with Harold Samuel, Antonio Brosa, Leonard Rubens, and Livio Mannucci: Æolian Hall, Jan. 18, 8.30.

Recitals

BJARNE BRUSTAD.—First appearance here of the Norwegian composer; he plays the viola: Æolian Hall, to-night, 8.15.

GALLI-CURCI.—With Homer Samuels at the piano, and Raymond Williams, flautist: Albert Hall, Jan. 21, 3.

D'ALVAREZ.—Song recital: Queen's Hall, Jan. 24, 8.15.

CIRCUSES

INTERNATIONAL CIRCUS.—Bertram Mills's great annual feature: Olympia, 2.30 and 7.30.

CIRCUS AND WORLD'S FAIR: Agricultural Hall.

DANCING

In the Restaurants

CAFÉ ANGLAIS.—A new troupe of young ladies, the Café de Paris Girls, dance at ten and midnight; Lew Stone's band: extension night, Friday.

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Cornell and Graft, "modernists of the dance," perform; Billy Gerhardi and his band: extension night, Wednesday.

CHEZ QUAGLINO.—Sandra Swenska, diseuse, is the "turn" here; Van Straten's band plays for dancing: extension night, Wednesday.

DORCHESTER HOTEL.—"Les Girls," in their original persons, do their last dance on Jan. 20. Their successors, "The New York Midnight Follies of 1934," replace them on Jan. 22; Jack Jackson's band plays.

MONSEIGNEUR.—Douglas Byng back at one of his old haunts; Jack Harris makes the dance music: extension night, Thursday.

PICCADILLY.—All-dancing cabaret; Beryl Collison's Piccadilly Eight, Cyril Rolls, acrobatic, and the Viennese pair, Eugene and Eleanor Kovary: extension night, Friday.

In the Ballrooms

WINTER SPORTS BALL.—In aid of the Federation of London Working Boys' Clubs: Dorchester, Jan. 18.

SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

BRITISH ART: Burlington House.

PASTEL SOCIETY: Royal Institute Galleries.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS: Suffolk Street, Pall Mall.

FURNITURE EXHIBITION: Olympia.

SPORT

RUGGER.—Wales v. England: Cardiff, Jan. 20.

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I cannot resist the temptation to present pictorially, instead of mythically, one or two aspects of that incredible clash of Roman steel on British flint which was to light such a candle that we live in its rays to-day; that clash whose heat was to fuse the Celtic and the Latin elements into that mystical compound which to-day rules half the world.

To-day one may see relics of that high civilisation of antiquity: the mosaics of St. Albans; the thermal springs of our spas; half the words in our very dictionaries—but what witness, save for a few dusty flints, remains of the Holy War waged by Ancient Britain against the invader? What token endures of the obstinate valour which gave Julius Cæsar, heading the undefeated legions of soon-to-be-imperial Rome, more food for military thought than even his colossal capacity could gladly relish?

But the victors themselves have left enough material to enable me to reconstruct an accurate close-up of those insuperably spirited warriors called by the culture of the Mediterranean *barbari* —those whose tongue sounded, to ears attuned to the cadence of the sonorous periods of the Classics, a mere babel of Bar-Bar-Bar—barbarians.

A great patriotism animated the Britons . . . "